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TRUST.

BY J. F. WALLER.

I cried to my soul's beloved,
As he lay on my breast to die,
To send me one word from heaven—
But he answered not, save with a sigh:
A sigh that passed over my spirit
As the death-bell's solemn tone.
Then I knew that my love was in heaven,
And I—on the earth, alone!

Alone, in the gloom and silence
I watched through the dreary night,
But no voice came to soothe my sorrow
Till the dawn of morning light.
I saw the chill mist ascending,
And the blue smoke curling high,
All, as incense, went up to heaven,
Light only came down from the sky.

I stole to the glen at even,
As the dew fell soft on the ground,
And I lay where we sat so often
With the wooded hills all round.
Then I cried, "O beloved! send me
One word in my sore distress!"—
And a voice, like a low sweet echo,
Came from heaven, and said, "Trust."

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VAROOK," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"BOAT ahoy!" cried a gentleman in hot haste, as, running fast, he reached the quay on the Devonshire side of the Torpoint Passage.

"The ferry-boat has just started, sir," said a boatman; "and she won't be back for half an hour good."

"Then I shall lose the mail!" exclaimed the gentleman in a tone of intense vexation.

"I can row you across, sir, in time to catch her."

"Out with your boat right sharp then, my man!"

"All right, sir—she'll be ready in two minutes."

The traveler watched the adjusting of the gear and launching of the boat with a curious impatience. He was a young fellow of about twenty-two, tall, handsome, and full of health. He had never overworked his brain, and was not given to nervous fancies, yet at that moment he was filled with an ugly foreboding that the loss of the ferry-boat would bring misfortune.

"And I rode so hard to catch it!" he said to himself.

This mental ejaculation increased the anxiety within him, and his feverish desire to hurry across the river grew stronger.

"How long the fellow is!" he cried. "His two minutes are growing to ten."

He took out his watch, and was observing with wonder that only three minutes had elapsed, when a quick step made him look round. Then he started and turned away hurriedly, with a flush rising on his face.

"It is the same queer customer that I out-raced on the road. By Jove, the fellow can't be going into Cornwall, too!"

"Boat is ready, sir."

"So am I," returned the young man, instantly jumping into it. "Pull away for your life!"

The boatman, with the oars in his hands, was just dipping them into the water, when the stranger who had a moment before arrived on the pier, sprang into the boat, and, with a quiet smile on his lips, took a seat opposite to the young traveler.

"I beg your pardon—I have hired this boat," he observed in an angry tone.

"Pray excuse the liberty I take in intruding on you," returned the other, in a courteous and strangely sweet voice. "I have lost the ferry-boat like yourself, and my presence will not, I hope, inconvenience you. It will be a gain to the poor man. Half a guinea, boatman, for your best speed."

What could Harold Olver say? He repressed a burning desire to hurl the intruder into the sea, and answered with a sort of civil sullenness that he was welcome.

"There is no time for a row," he said to himself. "I should lose the mail if I stopped to fling the fellow into the tide."

The boatman rowed hard; the sweat poured from his brow, the muscles of his strong arms quivered; he seemed to be straining every nerve, and his eyes had a strange dilated look.

Harold glanced at him with a little bewilderment, and told himself that he was over-anxious to earn that unlucky half-guinea.

As the twilight deepened, a gray shiver crept over the water with a chill breeze which roughened it, and the waves, rising before it rapidly, made rowing difficult. The man only rowed the harder, and his fixed eyes seemed to gather terror with every stroke of his stout oars.

"I'll take an oar if you like," said Harold Olver, looking at him with the same odd bewilderment in his mind. "This capful of wind seems to give you half a scare."

The man made no reply, but by a motion of his eyelids indicated an extra oar lying at the bottom of the boat. As Harold rose quietly to reach it, the intrusive passenger began to whistle softly.

"Whistling raises the wind—so sailors say," said Harold; "and we have enough already. What do you say to putting up a sail, boatman?"

The man only shook his head, and Harold, in his light-hearted way, answered his question himself.

"Ah, of course it wouldn't do! With wind and tide both rushing up the river, we should make Saltash instead of Torpoint if we sailed."

With a cool air Harold dipped his oar into the sea; but in the momentary cessation of the boatman's efforts, as he changed sides and dropped one oar, the boat quivered and was spun round by the tide, with her bow turned from the Cornish shore.

"Give way, sir!" cried the man angrily. "There's a squall coming!"

A sudden rush of wind swooped upon them as he spoke, and the boat, being broadside to the waves, was nearly turned over, while Harold was flung from his seat, and the oar swept from his grasp like a straw. For an instant the frail craft was at the mercy of the sudden storm, but the sailor silently recovered his dropped oar, and brought her head round to the wind with a few swift and steady strokes.

"I think you had better sit still, sir," he said to Harold, as that young gentleman gathered himself up a little ruefully; "I haven't another oar to spare."

"Oh, I'll pay you for the one I have lost," returned Harold with a laugh. "But, all the same, row away. We have lost time, and we seem to have drifted far above Torpoint."

This was true, and it was only dimly through the sea-mist and gathering darkness that the opposite shore loomed out, with the large ferry-boat faintly visible, discharging her passengers on the pier.

Harold glanced toward it anxiously, while the oarsman took a swift look, and bent again to his work with the furious energy and odd scare about him which the excitement of the squall had for a time quelled. The cool stranger continued to whistle softly the same weird air which through the wild rush of the wind had fallen distinctly on the ear; and now the small, sharp, piping sound, as it beat on Harold's brain, filled him with an irritating sense of something forgotten yet familiar—a thing for which the mind groped dimly, as for a lost path in darkness.

"Ah," he exclaimed suddenly, "I remember now—you heard that queer old tune in Syria?"

"Yes," said the other, raising his eyes for the first time to Harold's face. "Have you been in Syria?"

"I am sorry to say I have; and my rascally Arabs used to howl that tune outside my tent till I hated the sound of it."

"That is curious; it is a tune of the Crusaders. Languages die, but a tune lives always."

This remark elicited no reply from Harold, who was peering earnestly towards the shore.

"We shall miss the mail!" he cried excitedly. "Surely I see the horses being led out!"

"The coachman will wait if he sees us, sir," said the boatman, in his hurried, scared voice.

"But the night is growing dark as pitch—he won't see us!" cried Harold excitedly. "I wish you would stop whistling," he said angrily, to the stranger—"it sounds so cool. You are not going on, I suppose?"

"Not by the coach," returned the other quietly. "I have a horse waiting for me."

"Ah," said Harold—"I hope he is a good one!"

This remark was intended to be slightly offensive, for Harold was excessively annoyed at the prospect of his journey being delayed, and somehow illogically he considered the stranger's presence to be the cause of his missing the mail. Nevertheless, when the unwelcome intruder, instead of replying, raised his eyes and let them rest for a moment on Harold's, the depth of sadness in them caused in him a strange revulsion of feeling.

"Poor chap—looks like a soldier and a gentleman; going home perhaps, and expects to find everybody dead!"

In this disjointed way the careless young man's thoughts ran, half pitiful, and yet threaded with angry repugnance, a sort of nervous longing for battle with his enforced companion.

"If he would talk, one might not feel so much inclined to throw him overboard," continued Harold to himself.

As if in answer to this thought, the man said, in his marvelously sweet, courteous voice:

"I owe you an apology for thrusting my companionship upon you in this unwelcome way; but, if you knew by what sad necessity I am compelled to journey into Cornwall this night, you would excuse me, I think."

"Don't mention it," returned Harold. "I am sorry if—if bad news——" He stopped, remorseful, reflecting on the joyous errand which was the cause of his own journey.

"That old tune now," continued the other, setting aside his sorrow, whatever it might be, in courtesy—"so you found it in Syria still? It is very ancient—an old battle-song of the Crusaders."

"Ah, poor old fogies!" said Harold. "What a mistaken, queer, battered old crowd they must have felt themselves to be—the few that got home, you know—when they found their sweethearts married to somebody else, their wives also, perhaps, and their castles in the hands of their bosom-friends or brothers! I wonder if they lived ever afterwards upon a cockle-shell and a pilgrim's staff."

"You hold the modern idea that all things are laughable," remarked his companion, with a quiver of angry contempt in his voice. "Those who returned, as some did, to languish out the rest of their lives in chains and darkness in some foul dungeon, felt the horror of their position, not the humor of it."

"You are over-serious now," said Harold, staring at him, with a curious sensation in his nerves.

His companion made no reply, but began to whistle again in the same soft, persistent way, while Harold felt his ears tingle with irritation as the small piping sound made itself heard shrilly through the howling of the wind.

"That is an exasperating tune!" he said angrily.

At the moment that he spoke, from the darkness shrouding the Cornish shore, a bright light shot forth and vanished. But in the instantaneous flash the coach had appeared like a vision—a man harnessing the wheelers, the passengers climbing to their seats, the guard in his scarlet coat, standing by, horn in hand. At this sight Harold started up in consternation.

"There is no chance for me now!" he cried. "The mail will be off in two minutes!"

"Sit down, sir," exclaimed the boatman, "or a worse thing will happen to you than losing the coach!"

The young man fell back on his seat with a strong word on his lips, he felt full of anger from head to heel. He would have been glad if his hateful companion had given him a blow which would have yielded him the chance he longed for to relieve the tingling of his hot blood in battle. Why had the fellow intruded himself upon him? He felt as though the storm was of his raising and all the consequent delay his work.

"I shall be a firm believer, henceforth, in the old superstition that whistling raises the wind," he said angrily.

But the stranger had ceased to whistle; he was regarding the coast-line with wistful, mournful eyes, and seemed as completely unconscious of his companion's chagrin as he had been of the storm and danger. Now he roused himself by an evident effort, saying, in the most courteous tone of his sad voice:

"I am sorry if I have annoyed you. On nearing that shore yonder, the old air comes to my lips unawares. Do not fret yourself; the mail will not go without you. We shall land directly the wind has gone down."

This was true. There was a sudden lull, and the boat now shot into stiller water near the landing-place. Just above it was the mail-coach, obscurely visible, a group of idlers around it, the murmur of whose confused voices came out to them, mingling with the stroke of the oar and the dash of the sea upon the strand.

Suddenly, floating across the dark waves, clear as a thread of light, from out the confused murmurs came a few whistled bars of the same wild, weird air which only a moment before had ceased to ring from the stranger's lips. Harold and the boatman involuntarily turned their gaze on him, one in amazement, the other in fear. He was deadly pale, and a ghastly look of pain contracted his brow.

"An old Crusader come to meet you apparently," observed Harold, speaking with pitiless lightness, because, like an unexpected touch, the sound had given him a nervous shock which he resented.

"Yes—a friend," said the stranger quietly, hiding his eyes with a long, pale hand.

There was a wild, haggard grief in them, Harold thought, which he did not want a stranger to see. So, slightly remorseful, Harold kept silent until the boat's keel grated on the sands; then he started up joyously in sudden relief.

"All's well that ends well!" he cried gaily. "Here's your fare, boatman, and here's for your lost oar. Well rowed, old fellow! You pulled a good oar through the gale."

His companion had already stepped out of the boat, and was standing close by its prow.

"And here is your well-earned half-guinea," he said, stretching out his hand with that now obsolete coin in the palm.

But the old sailor dashed the proffered gift aside, and glared at him with face working and eyes full of terror.

"Satan, I defy thee and all thy bribes!" he cried.

And in desperate hurry, flinging Harold's valise ashore, he cleared the beach with one lusty stroke, and in a moment was only a dim shape on a darkening sea.

Harold laughed and turned to see how the stranger bore the appellation bestowed on him; but he was gone, and his retreating figure had already vanished in the crowd and dimness.

"Well, he might have said 'good night, and thank you,'" thought the young traveler with an odd little laugh. Never mind—I am glad to be rid of him. He is rather queer, and I'm not surprised the old salt took him to be the great nameless."

Shrugging his shoulders, Harold strode forward to the coach.

"How are you, Jarvey? Here's my valise. And I've bespoken the box-seat. Hope you've kept it for me."

"All right, sir," returned the many-caped John, touching his hat with his long whip and giving the young fellow a smile of recognition. "But you'll sit behind a poor team to-night, Mr. Oliver. We have pretty nearly had a fight over the cattle this evening—that's what has delayed us. You have had a rough row across the Passage, sir?"

"Pretty stiff," returned Harold, flinging up his valise for the man to catch—"blowing a gale and dark as a bag. Without that flash of lightning I doubt if we should have found the landing-place."

"The ostler swears it wasn't lightning. That's just what caused the row, sir."

"Not lightning? Then what was it?"

"It was the quarest light I ever seed in my life, except waunce afore, and that was more years agone than I can mind," interposed the ostler, looking up from his work of harnessing the teams. "I was a boy then, and I went to fetch out the horses for the mail, just as I did but now, when the same quare light flashed out and blinded me, and, when I rubbed my eyes and got out of my daze like, the best hoss was gone."

"Because you left the door open, bufflehead," retorted the coachman. "Exactly what he did again to-night, sir; and the black mare broke loose and has shown us a clean pair of heels. It is a sorry beast we have in her place; and, bad as he is, we had to wait twenty minutes till he was fetched from a farm."

"Why not have spent half that time in catching the mare?" asked Harold, as he settled himself with great-coat and wraps in his seat.

"She's far to seek by this time. The mare was wanted, and is gone on her errand, and the hoss isn't foaled that can overtake her now," said the ostler, as he held up his lantern and examined the harness all around with peering anxious eyes. "catch the ribbons, Jarvey. It's all right; it waient be my fault if the coach breaks down, as she did that night twenty years agone, when the same thing happened as have happened now."

"Ah, I mind that night well enough, Bill," remarked the landlord of the little posting-house that horsed the coach. "Folks may laugh, but that same night the squire was drowned in his own park, crossing a stream that a boy might jump over with a whistle."

"Not Mr. Carbonellis of Langarth?" cried Harold, turning eagerly towards the man with a startled look.

But there was no time for answer—the coachman had gathered up the reins, the guard blew a sounding blast on his horn, the ostler, with an upward toss of his hands released the leaders' heads, the team plunged forward, and his Majesty's mail started on its journey through storm and darkness.

CHAPTER II.

THE lamps sent weird flashes of light on to the dark hedges, bringing their wintry bareness into fleeting view; the wild waving of boughs overhead moaned and creaked in the rough wind like the song of the storm, which the whirr of the wheels accompanied; while the beat of the horses' hoofs kept time to this wild night-music."

"We shall have a rough journey," observed the coachman gravely.

"I never heard that Mr. Carbonellis of Langarth was drowned," said Harold, letting his thoughts break into words hurriedly. "Is it true?"

"True enough, sir," was the answer, given in the sort of tone which implies a graver fact held back.

Silence followed this reply. Harold felt a nervous irritation tingling through his veins. Young Carbonellis was his college friend; he was going now to Langarth at his invitation.

Never through their long friendship had he named the fact respecting his father's death, which now by a mere accident dropped from a stranger's lips. His sister was Harold's betrothed; she too had shown the same reticence—never in their most intimate converse had she touched on this sad subject.

Why was there any mystery in the matter, and by what curious combination of circumstances was it connected in that stupid landlord's mind with the running away of a frightened horse?

As if in answer to the mental query, the echo of a horse's swift gallop came borne on the wind, floating from a hill opposite, the long ascent of which lay dimly before them.

"Can you see any one riding, sir?" asked the coachman. "You have younger eyes than mine."

Harold bent forward and peered into the gloom eagerly.

"No; it is too dark. Stop! Yes, I do see a horseman. He is riding furiously."

"A black horse, sir?"

"Yes—as far as I can judge in the dim moonlight. Certainly, if not black, the horse is not a light one."

"Jim, there goes the mare!" said the coachman, in a voice which sounded strangely full of meaning, as, turning around to the guard, he pointed with his long whip to the top of the hill, where for an instant, like a phantom, the distant rider stood out against a moonlit lowering sky, and then vanished.

"Ah, I thought so when I heard that devil's tune whistled out so loud and clear," returned the guard, as standing up he leaned over the roof of the coach to bring his voice nearer. "Whip up the team, Jim, and let us try to pass him."

"Much good that would do," rejoined the other. "The off-leader would break down on that job in less than a mile."

Nevertheless he quickened the pace of the team, and the coach was gallantly drawn up a third of the hill at good speed; but here the borrowed horse showed signs of distress, and, soon falling into a walk, the mail was dragged but slowly along for the rest of the ascent.

The echo of that fierce gallop ahead of them still reached the ear, through growing more and more faint, till it was lost in a deeper, fuller sound, which mingled with the sough of the wind, and in a moment was recognized as the wild roar of waves rushing upon a rugged shore.

On reaching the top of the hill the coachman drew rein for an instant to breathe the panting horses; and now the white gleam of the waves was visible as they tossed and broke amid the heaving darkness of the sea.

Down, far below, all along the black rugged shore, a snow-line of foam flashed, tossed, and broke; and here and there amid the white boil, the jagged points of huge rocks were visible, as the rush of the waves retreated, or the glistening spray dashed up their rough sides, and caught the faint light of the crescent moon.

"A wild sea and a wild night, sir," remarked the coachman to Harold, as again the mail-coach sprung forward, and the sea-spray, driven above the cliff, met their faces with a cold, salt touch. "It's always a wild night when that man rides."

"And who is he?" asked Harold.

"Ah, that's a question, sir, that has been asked many a time, but has never been answered yet."

"But, if the man steals horses," persisted Harold incredulously, "I can't understand his not being discovered and hanged."

"I never said he stole horses, sir."

"You said he was riding the missing black mare."

"So he is; but he won't steal her."

"Then the man is a mystery?" Harold asked.

"That's exactly what he is, sir. And whether he is flesh and blood, or something one don't like to talk about, is more than you or I will ever be able to tell."

"I don't see that; and I can't believe in ghosts riding off on other folks' real live horses," returned Harold, with a laugh which sounded mockingly in his own ears, as the sea-wind met his lips and carried it away.

"Nor in their coming across the ferry in other folk's boats," said the coachman with grim humor.

"Was that the man?"—and Harold's voice took a different key, while an odd thrill crept over his flesh.

"That was the man, sir."

"And you say he is not a horse-stealer—though to my mind he looks like a very daring one."

"The horses come back to their stables, sir, and money enough with them to make it worth their owner's while to keep quiet—that's how the matter is worked."

"Well, it's a queer story," said Harold thoughtfully.

"You'd say that, sir, if you heard the whole of it."

At this point in their talk the coach was slowly descending a long, steep hill, and the guard had got down to attend to the drag, some slight hitch being in the chain; and now, looking up, with the moonlight shining on his weather-beaten face, he held his hand upward, beckoning to the driver to stop.

"Throw me your knife, Tom. I can't find mine. The off-leader has a stone in his foot."

After a moment's fumbling in numerous pockets, the penknife was found and flung to him, and he proceeded to remove the stone. During the process a curious silence seemed to fill the air. The cessation of the rumbling of the wheels and the beating of the hoofs was doubtless the cause, yet to Harold's mind there was something strange and sinister in this sudden dead calm and silence.

No one spoke as the guard, stooping low, strove to remove the stone, which was wedged tightly in the horse's hoof. The shadow of the coach stretched its weird length upon the road like wings of darkness, and overhead the moon shone out fitfully from amid flying clouds, which passed her disc in sombre, hurried procession.

The swift, noiseless gathering of the clouds had an eager look, as though a compelling force lay within their fold, and they stretched out arms of darkness to cover some cruel deed. Far away to the left the distant roll of the surf upon the shore was felt rather than distinctly heard, and the murmuring faint sound did but add to the silence. The treeless road was spread before them like a dim white belt girding the hill, without speck or sound to relieve its solitude.

The scene fixed itself like a picture on Harold's mind, and he was unwilling to utter a word to break its sombre spell. But, as the guard rose to his feet, the silence which surrounded them was pierced with sharp abruptness by a shrill, clear, small sound of a whistle. Sweet as a thrush's pipe the distant voice whistled the first part of the wild weird air distinctly as Harold had heard it on the ferry.

With hand upraised, the guard stood for a moment as if turned to stone, while the coachman, with arm outstretched, held it in mid-air, nor dropped it till the whistle died away as suddenly as it came. Then, gathering up the reins as the guard clambered to his seat, he started the horses at a hand-gallop.

"That drowned the answering whistle, Jim. I'm dashed if I wished to hear it!" observed the coachman, throwing the words over his shoulder in a jerky voice.

"So there is always an answering whistle?" asked Harold.

"Always, sir."

"Then there are two of them?" said Harold, with a short laugh.

The man turned a grave face towards him.

"I'd rather you didn't laugh, sir, if you don't mind. I know it all sounds queer, but queer things do happen at times that common sense can't compass. Maybe you will hear more of the matter at Langarth. And it's because I'm afraid you may find trouble when you get there that I took the liberty, sir, to ask you not to laugh."

"Oh, don't apologize," said Harold very gravely.

The man's words had taken from him all inclination to laugh; the thought of trouble at Langarth had sobered him. The guard had clambered over the roof and taken his seat behind them. He leaned forward now, saying in a low voice:

"What do you think, Tom—shall we find the roan gone this time?"

"I hope not; that horse would take him where he's bound to in an hour."

"Then, if he gets the roan, there's no chance of our catching him up?"

"There wouldn't be anyhow," returned the coachman. "No man has ever overtaken that rider yet."

"Ah, but I should like to try it with him one night!" said the guard.

"So should I," echoed Harold, "whether the fellow be thief or ghost."

"You are a good rider, Mr. Oliver, but that would be a sharp race; and no one has ever won it yet. You see he is riding ahead of us now, and he'll keep ahead till he gets to his journey's end; then we shall lose him."

"And where is he going?"

"To the same place that you are bound for, sir."

"To Langarth?" exclaimed Harold.

The coachman nodded, and, bending his head to the storm, seemed suddenly inclined to keep silent.

"He is a friend of the family, then?" continued Harold.

"Perhaps so, sir, but he doesn't act like one."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean he never comes to Langarth that he doesn't leave a corpse behind him. Heaven, there he is—do you see him, sir?—just on the white bit of the road where the moon is shining!"

Harold drew a deep breath, and then said impatiently:

"The man is evidently a man, and not a ghost, and I presume his errand to Langarth is an important one, or he would not ride so fast."

"We all know his errand; he brings death to Langarth."

The superstitious assertion had a ghastly sound as the words rang out on the night air, and, being both angry and startled, Harold turned on the man sharply.

"Is that what you meant just now when you said I might find trouble at Langarth? Have you any reasons for what you say? Because, if not, I consider such assertions as——"

"I beg pardon—no offence meant, sir," interposed the coachman. "I do wrong, perhaps, to say a word on the matter; but it is common talk around Langarth."

"Common talk!" repeated Harold, in a vexed tone. "But who is the man, and why does he ride to Langarth?"

"No mortal can tell you that, sir. He comes and he goes, leaving sorrow behind him, and no man has ever yet met him face to face and dared to say, 'Who are you?'"

"I saw him face to face in the boat, but it certainly did not occur to me to ask him who he was or what was his errand," said Harold, with impatience.

"Well, sir, I won't say again what his errand is."

"Ah, I give you up," returned Harold, crossing his arms with an air of resignation. "You Cornish are the most superstitious people in the world, and there is no use in arguing the case with you. Still I should like to hear what possible reason you can find for investing a queer traveler with a sort of death-warrant."

"Well, sir, the last time—twenty years agone—that this rider was down in these parts, Mr. Carbonellis was found drowned in his park."

"But the one event could have had nothing to do with the other," observed Harold in a logical tone.

"You ain't the first, sir, that have said so. Yet I reckon it's past your understanding, and likewise mine, to say why death always follows that rider's heels. Fifteen years before Mr. Carbonellis was drowned his father was brought home dead through a fall from his horse. That very evening the 'Night Whistler'—that's what we call him down here, sir—crossed the ferry 'twixt Cornwall and Devon, and rode to Langarth. This was afore my time, but I've heard my father tell of it."

"Before your time?" repeated Harold with sharp emphasis. "Why, the man is not so old as you, and you make out he was here thirty-five years ago! Let me see—I judge him to be forty; so he was five years old then."

"He was here thirty-five years ago," persisted the other—"ah, and a hundred and thirty-five years ago! This had been going on at Langarth every since the roof-tree was laid on it. You ask the young lady, sir, when you go down there."

Harold made no reply to this, for they were now close to the posting-house, and the guard, with the laudable intention of waking a drowsy world, was sounding a hearty blast on his horn.

In another moment the mail coach drew up beneath the sign of the "Silent Woman," whose peaceable portrait was swinging headless in the wind.

A crowd of rustics surrounding them in an instant. Among them, pressing to the front, was the stout landlord, with flabby face unwontedly white. He held up a quivering hand, moving his fingers in recognition.

Behind the crowd stood a man in a smock-frock, holding in one hand a horn lantern and in the other a rough halter attached to a sorry-looking horse. This last group was made dimly visible by the light of the lantern, while the lamps in the mail-coach and the blaze of the fire flashing through the window of the inn flung

grotesque lights and shadows over the rest of the crowd.

"Here's a pretty go, Tom," cried the landlord. "The roan is stole away!"

The coachman flung down the reins loosely to the hostler, and turned a look on Harold.

"I hope you've got a decent animal in his stead," was all his response, as he got off the coach and went forward to examine the fresh team.

The landlord, on his part, turned a curious eye on the horses that were now being unharnessed.

"Why, what's come of the black mare?" he cried.

"She's in your stable, master—in the roan's stall," said the hostler, looking up from his work. "Reeking wi' sweat she be, and shaking on every limb. I tould 'ee so afore, sanly you wuz as onbelieving as Tummas."

The landlord gave the man a scared look, and, taking a step backward, he laid his hand on the rail of the guard's seat.

"'Tis true enough, Jim," he said. "The Whistler is out."

"I knowed that at Torpoint," returned the other, a little proud of his prior information.

"And the worst is, Jim, that Mr. Carbonellis has got some hot work in hand to-night."

"What's up then?"

The answer is given in a whisper, but Harold caught the words "smugglers" and "cutter". And now for the first time he began to feel easy.

He knew his friend's reckless and daring spirit, he knew too that smuggling was rife and popular in Cornwall, and desperate deeds grew out of it. He chafed at the slow fingers of the ostler—he was impatient to be at Langarth. If Carbonellis was bent on some rash adventure, he hoped to arrive in time to stop him from rushing into it.

The horsing of the mail-coaches throughout England at this period was carried to the point of perfection; the harnessing of a fresh team was usually accomplished in three minutes, but this time the ostler dragged their slow length to five.

The sorry beast that replaced the missing roan was a kicker, and flung out his heels at slight provocation. Twice he kicked over the traces, and, turning completely around, faced the shaking ostler with a snarl on his upraised lip.

Moreover, there was a change of coachmen here, and the new driver was in a worse temper even than the horse. His objurgations caused a further delay, but at length he gathered up the reins with an oath and a protest against both landlord and the kicker; then, as he held up his whip threateningly, the guard gave a flourish on his horn, and once more his Majesty's mail sped onwards through the night.

CHAPTER III.

AT the gates of the park at Langarth, Harold Oliver stood alone and somewhat disconsolate. The mail was late, owing to the poor horsing of the coach, as from posting-house to posting-house the same disaster pursued them, and the same rider preceded them.

The new driver—a young man not given to wild beliefs—had met each landlord's statement with savage incredulity and desperate ill-temper. He grew taciturn and sullen as mile by mile they plodded on with lame and vicious horses, making slow way against driving rain which beat coldly against their faces.

"The folks down in these parts would make you believe anything," he observed sulkily to Harold Oliver in answer to that young gentleman's request to be set down at Langarth. "Now, according to them, pixies come here and ride horses by night; and this here fellow, who has been going on ahead of us for forty miles or therabouts, isn't a horse-stealer, but a sort of ghost, who kills a Carbonellis every time he takes a ride. Now, I expect, sir, you'll find them all hale and hearty at Langarth; and, before you alight, I should like to give you my notion of who this scamp is. It's my opinion he's in league with the smugglers that the young Squire has sworn against, and he is just riding for his life to warn them that the Preventive men will be out after them to-night. There's rich men in the trade, who don't mind killing horses, or paying for them either, when a valuable cargo has to be saved."

The idea was so opposite to Harold's own fears, that it seized upon his mind instantly, and filled him with dismay.

"It is quite possible," he said slowly. "I hope Mr. Carbonellis is not with the Preventive men."

"He is not in their cutter often, sir. And, if the smugglers are warned, there'll be a fight, as sure as two and two is four. Here we are at Langarth; and, if all those fools say is true, there'll be no horses stole away on the road beyond this. Good night, sir, and thank you! I'm afraid if a carriage was waiting for you it is gone—we are so late. And it's a mile through the avenue up to the house."

And with this the coach rattled off, with its four inside sleeping passengers, and one wakeful baby and mother on the outside back seat near the guard.

Harold stood for a moment watching it, till it disappeared in the darkness. He was undecided whether to knock up the inmates of the lodge and inquire for the carriage that he had expected to meet him, or whether to leave them sleeping in peace, and walk up to the house, carrying his valise himself.

He decided on the latter course. But, as he put his hand on the gate to open it, he paused, for the sound of furious galloping came with the wind that met his face. For a moment he thought that it was the echo reaching him from the hoofs of the departing team; but the mail had gone west, and the wind blew straight from the south.

"Is it—can it be possible that that strange man is riding to Langarth, and it is his horse I hear galloping up the avenue?"

For a instant Harold Oliver listened, the next he had flung his valise down beneath a tree, and, leaving the road, he sprang across the grass and gained a foot-path which evidently led to the house by a nearer way. He ran as he had never run before, except in a foot-race, and always in his ears the sharp thud and echo of that wild galloping. Once, as the foot path diverged near the road, he fancied that he caught in the distance a glimpse of a flying horseman flitting like a shadow through the gloom of overhanging trees.

On and on he sped at the top of his speed, filled with a wild desire to be first at the door of Langarth, and confront and dismay, with his presence, this mysterious and phantom rider. But he failed in the attempt. Just before he reached the house he heard the clang of the huge ancient bell which hung at its portal, and he knew in its own heart that it was rung by the pale hand of the Night Whistler.

He paused in his race, discomfitted, and at that instant the man passed him at a little distance, riding slowly dejectedly beneath the darkness of the trees, his head hanging down, his eyes fixed like those of a man in a dream, and his long, thin, white hand resting on his hip. On his face there was an expression of horror and grief so intense that, as the moonlight fell on it, flashing it for a moment into view, Harold involuntarily drew back. The next instant the darkness had covered him.

"Can he be going to the stables that way?" thought Harold, gazing blankly into the black space of night into which he had vanished.

In another minute or two he was at the door, which opened ere he touched the bell; and a familiar voice greeted him, and a cheering light shone out upon the broad gravel road, which was void of all figures save his own.

"I heard you ring, sir," said the old servitor, in a deprecatory friendly voice, "and am sorry to have kept you waiting; but the cord of a picture in master's study had just broken, and it fell with such a crash that I feared perhaps Miss Estrild was frightened, and——"

"Pray don't apologize, Prior. I assure you I have not waited a moment; it was not I who rang."

"Not you, sir?"

"No, it was a gentleman on horseback. I fancy he has gone around to the stables—he passed me just now."

"He couldn't go to the stables that way," said Prior, with a flourish of the hand. "I will run around, sir, to see. And where is your portmanty, sir? Dear, dear, what a pity the carriage didn't wait. But the lodge-keeper declared the mail had passed so for certain the coachman believed you hadn't come."

"Perhaps he thought it had passed because the time at which it was due had certainly passed," returned Harold, as he divested himself of his great coat. "And as for my valise," he continued, "it is under a tree close by the lodge. Please send a man with several lanterns, Prior, to fetch it; and don't forget there's a strange gentleman somewhere about the premises, waiting, I suppose, to enter."

"I'll see to it all directly, sir. This way, please; Miss Estrild is in the study."

Harold had lingered in the hall during this talk, partly because a question was on his lips which he felt a reluctance to utter; but he spoke now.

"Is your master at home, Prior?"

A change came over Prior's face, and he answered a little primly, as if afraid of saying too much—

"You'd have seen him afore now, sir, if he was home; but he'll be back in the morning."

Harold felt a throb at his heart which vexed him, it was so like a superstitious fear; yet the next moment he was all smiles and his face was radiant with a great joy, for his eyes were looking into eyes that he loved.

"I had given you up," said Estrild raising her long lashes shyly for just an instant, as, all aglow with love and joy, he bent over her. "I thought you had missed the mail, and would not be here till to-morrow. Tristram waited for you till half-past ten. You know the coach always passes the lodge at ten minutes past ten punctually, so, if you had arrived by it, he would have seen you. I felt so disappointed when the carriage came back empty."

"Did you?" said Harold; and, as he held her within the ring of his arm, he emphasized the question with a tighter clasp.

"Yes; but it was not all on your account—it was partly for Tristram. I thought if you came you would dissuade him——"

She paused, and a slight flush rose to her cheeks.

"You thought I should keep him at home to-night," said Harold—"and I certainly should have tried to do so. Hasn't he gone on some rather risky expedition?"

"How came you to guess it?" and the girl disengaged herself from his embrace, and laying her hands on his shoulders, gazed into his face with sad, anxious eyes. "Oh, Harold, I wish you could have been here earlier! I suppose you posted down?"

"Nothing of the kind, darling! Do you suppose his Majesty's mail is infallible, bound to keep time like a Greenwich clock? It was late to-night—that was all; and I wish your coachman had waited for me—perhaps then——"

"Well? Perhaps what?"

"Why, then I should have had the pleasure of seeing your dear face half an hour sooner," said Harold, changing his words though not his thoughts.

"Ah, then I should not have had a disappointment, and you would have kept Tristram here! It was very wrong of the man not to wait; but, you see, he and the lodge-keeper both made sure that the mail had passed, and that somehow they had missed seeing it, the night is so dark."

"Supper is served, miss," announced Prior, opening the door with a discreet and unnecessary twisting of the handle.

The young lady passed out; and then Prior, by a slight gesture, stayed Harold's steps.

"Your portmanty is in your room, sir; and I've sent men around to the stables, and yard, and through the grounds, but there's no gentleman and no horse to be seen. I think, sir, if you'd excuse me, I wouldn't mention the matter to Miss Estrild. What with master being away and the picture falling, she'd rather upset."

"Quite right, Prior; I shall not say a word. It was some belated traveller, who had lost his way doubtless."

Harold said this cheerily, but felt at the same time that his words were without reason, and the whole affair was strange and mysterious.

"I wonder now if that fellow rode up to the house to make sure that Tristram was away?" he said to himself. "Prior, do you know where your master is gone?" he asked aloud.

The man looked at him oddly.

"No, sir; I wish I did—I should go and warn him. The place where these expeditions meet is kept secret, sir."

"Warn him of what?" asked Harold eagerly; the man's words fell upon his ear like the echo of a whisper constantly spoken in his own spirit.

"See here, sir," returned Prior, stepping forward. "Have you looked at this?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

As a matter of fact the great Chinese Wall does not and never did exist. A Chinese Emperor undoubtedly did conceive the idea of a great wall, from the Gulf of Liao-Long, on the east, to Kansu on the west, and this, though never realized, had a beginning: all along the proposed line of the wall square towers of earth, or of earth faced with brick, were constructed at considerable distances from each other, but these were never joined together by any wall, as was originally intended. In some of the defiles along the route there are walls, but these were intended to close these particular passages, or they are merely the walls of villages, and are not parts of a larger scheme. Hence the only part of the scheme of the Great Wall carried out was the construction of scattered towers, the rest never went beyond the brain that conceived it, it was never more than a fancy, and it is now a myth.

Bric-a-Brac.

CAT AND CHICKEN.—In the henhouse of a citizen in San Antonio, Tex., a cat gave birth to two kittens in a hen's nest. One of the oldest fowls of the establishment, after a violent fight with the old cat, drove her off and took charge of the kits. The hen cuddles them to her breast, and when she clucks the kittens have learned to hover under her wings for protection. It is said that the hen takes as much pains with her wards as though they had pecked out of eggs, and the kittens appear to fully reciprocate their guardian's affection. The lady of the house feeds the little kits milk, and they are thriving splendidly.

THE PIPE-BEARER.—One of the writers of a London magazine tells us that the social position of the Persian is shown by the number and value of his pipes. The pipe-bearer to a great man is a highly-paid domestic, who may have in his care from fifty to one hundred pipes, varying in value from $25 to $2,500. The pipes of the king and the royal princes are often made of fine gold, encrusted with a profusion of gems; the middle and upper classes generally content themselves with kallans whose reservoirs and stems are of solid silver, the bowl only being of gold, ornamented with gems or enamels.

CÆSAR'S VERSES.—Cæsar's verses, it is propable, were not very striking, as may be collected from an anecdote recorded of them by Plutarch. When Cæsar was taken by pirates, he solaced himself in his disagreeable situation, by composing orations and verses. He read his verses to his captors, hoping to receive the flattering tribute of their applause; but the hardy adventurers had no ear for verse. Cæsar gave way to a momentary resentment, called them stupid barbarians, and affirmed that they deserved crucifixion. It cannot be supposed that he revenged the mortification his pride received, in a manner so tyrannical; but it is said that, as soon as he was liberated, he ordered the poor pirates to be nailed to the cross. Crucifixion, it is to be hoped, was a punishment for the want of honesty, and not of taste.

A PUNY FIGHTER.—The humming-bird is one of the most beautiful and interesting of birds, but, sad to relate, it is a perfect little fury. Its life is a series of desperate battles; it fights with its friends and relatives, and fearlessly attacks the largest and most ferocious of its enemies. Even the formidable eagle is made to feel its power; and it is strange indeed to see anything so tiny measuring its strength with the monarch of the air. Other and much larger birds go in pairs against this formidable foe; but the little humming-bird starts off singly in the most confident manner, trusting to its very insignificance, and always manages to come off victorious, too. The eagle might as well try to catch a sunbeam as a humming-bird, and the little creature knows it well. A pair of humming-birds will attack an eagle without the least fear; and a solitary ruby-throated humming-bird has been seen deliberately seated on the head of an eagle, pecking out the feathers and scattering them in a stream behind the tortured bird, which, screaming with terror and agony, dashed through the air in the vain hope of shaking off its puny foe.

THE "FILIAL RICE."—At the great Chinese festival, "The Feast of Lanterns," they eat what is called the "filial rice," which got its name thus: There was once, say the Chinese, a woman who made a vow that she would eat nothing but vegetables after her husband died, but she broke her vow, and ate some meat. After her death she was shut up in a miserable place, and was very unhappy. Now she had a son who loved her dearly, and when he found out how wretched his mother was, he determined to take her something to eat—for you must know the Chinese think that people who are dead require nearly as much food as those who are alive. But day after day, when he carried the usual rice to her, the evil spirits gobbled it all up. Then the good son bethought him of another plan. He boiled all sorts of funny things with the porridge, and made it look dirty and nasty; the evil spirits did not care to eat such stuff, and let him pass without attempting to taste it. Ever since that man lived the Chinese have made and eaten the "filial porridge" every year, and every married man or woman sends a bowl of it to his or her parents, to let them know that they are still dearly beloved.

MY DARLING.

BY A. T. L.

I think of what thou art to me,
A beacon shining o'er life's sea,
With radiance only known to thee,
My darling!

My heart goes out in tender thought
Of all the blessings thou hast brought
Unto my mind—when life was naught,
My darling!

Like sunlight when the morning wakes,
Thy presence from my spirit takes
Its load of sorrow—darkness breaks—
My darling!

Where all was gloom 'tis brightness now,
I gaze enraptured on thy brow,
And list thine oft repeated vow,
My darling!

And when, as now, thou art afar,
No distance shall affection mar,
But like some lone and beauteous star,
My darling!

Thou still shalt cheer my lonely way,
And turn night's darkness into day—
Affection's flowers know no decay,
My darling!

The glow of early life is past,
Life's sombre shades are round me cast,
And love like mine will always last—
My darling!

Though fate decrees that we shall part,
Whate'er thou be, where'er thou art,
Thou'lt still be cherished in this heart,
My darling!

HER BITTER FOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE ON WHEELS," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE old gentleman laughed. He enjoyed the stormy flash of the great gray eyes, the knitting of the black brows, and the crimsoning of the bright gipsy face. He jostled her shoulder soothingly.

"There, my dear! Bless me, don't bite off my poor old head for making a joke. What a little firebrand you are, to be sure! What were we talking about? Oh, what you are to do to manage Master Gerard! I will tell you, do just what you have been doing hitherto, put him off, my little dear."

"But for how long?" questioned the girl doubtfully.

"Well, until we see how the wind blows, at any rate. Let me see—he leaves Bramble Farm to-day, doesn't he?"

"No; his room is vacant, now that aunt Prendergast is gone, but he doesn't seem by any means anxious to occupy it. Indeed, he told me this morning that he doesn't care about coming back to the Hall entirely until he can come as my future husband, if he is to come at all!"—and the young lady's lip curled rather scornfully. "Poor Gerard—he certainly does make the most praiseworthy efforts to appear to be in love with me! Yes, I will do just as you say, I promise you. A hundred thanks, dear Lord Edyvean. It is very good of you to be troubled with a silly girl's love-affairs."

In a caressing way rare with her she folded her hands round his arm, while the old man regarded her with benign satisfaction.

"Is it, my dear?"

"Very, very good—delightfully good! Why, I declare that if it were not for Marcus, I would positively marry you," declared audacious Isabel.

"If your mother had said so, 'old Edy' would have been a different man, my little dear."

"My mother," cried Isabel with widening eyes. The Viscount sighed, a faint color flickered into his fine face, then died away.

"That's years ago, Isabel," he said, speaking hurriedly—"quite thirty years ago, child. But it might be yesterday when I look at you. Well, well, I was poor, and your father was rich, and she took him and was happy. She was a beautiful girl Isabel—a beautiful girl in those days. I've never seen her equal, for you are not that, although you are very like her, my dear—wonderfully like her at times. Hush—here comes your father. We won't speak of it again, my dear—you'll remember—eh?" Then, turning to the Baronet, who at that moment joined them, he said—

"Grantham, I don't wonder you suffer so from that confounded gout; I never felt such a draught as there is from that window yonder. It's a regular cyclone, by Jove!"

* * * * * *

Turning out of the great entrance-gates of Grantham Hall on a sunny April afternoon, and walking in the direction of Bramble Farm, Gerard Marlingford looked anything but in a good temper.

Only an hour ago, he had again pressed his suit upon his cousin, and had received from her precisely the same reply that she had given him before.

Isabel had not said "Yes," and she had not said "No;" and for Gerard Marlingford such an answer meant he hardly knew what—chaos. Debt was behind and about him, poverty before him; and looming horribly through all and over all was something which made him shudder—a dreadful possibility that turned him cold whenever he met the keen eyes of Viscount Edyvean.

Gerard Marlingford hated "old Edy" fiercely, and he hated Isabel only a shade less bitterly.

He kicked away the pebbles from beneath his feet as he walked, ruthlessly cut down with his stick the tender budding branches of the hedgerows, was blind to the faint struggling sunshine and unconscious of the fresh sweet air.

The world for him was out of joint and he loathed and execrated it with a savage impotent wrath and bitterness.

He hardly knew what was taking him to Bramble Farm—it was an impulse—an idle whim, born of his miserable restlessness, and followed, partly at least, because he could not bear in his then frame of mind to play his careful amiable part in the house where at any turn he might meet Isabel's bright mocking eyes and serenely heedless face.

He had by accident left a cigar-case in his room at the Farm, and it was ostensibly to fetch this that he was on his way there now.

He turned in at the white gates, strode up the path, and entered by the wide-open oaken door, flung open thus because of the wonderful mildness of this early April day.

There he stopped, for just then, from one of the many passages which ran from all parts of the quaint old house into the hall, Timothy Twitchett emerged within a few feet of him.

The old man saw him instantly; but, had there been nothing in the space where he stood, his wrinkled face could not have expressed a more complete and blank unconsciousness, not only of him, but of everything else.

Half a dozen times during the last fortnight these two had thus encountered each other, but to all appearances Timothy Twitchett had never seen Gerard Marlingford.

Hitherto however they had never thus come within speaking distance of each other, and been alone. They were alone now, as a rapid glance round of Gerard's sloe-black eyes showed him; and he smiled spitefully as he took in the situation.

He was at bitter odds with the world—he hated it and everybody in it; he was so galled by the knowledge that he was helplessly in the power and at the mercy of others that the thought of being able to show his own power beneath the roof where he knew that his name and presence were a horror yielded him a malicious pleasure.

He would frighten this old man. Old Timothy, breathing more freely when he was once outside the door, stopped as he turned the corner of the house leading to the stable-yard, for a hand fell with a vigorous touch upon his shoulder.

"So, Timothy, you're still determined to cut an old friend, eh?" Gerard Marlingford said in a tone of jesting good humor.

The old man looked puzzled, as though wondering what this fine gentleman could want with him. His face showed nothing but surprise.

Inwardly he was savage with rage, and he would have liked to raise his hand and strike the pale handsome smiling face, but he restrained himself.

Had he not promised, for the sake of the only creature in the world to whom his withered life clung, that he would control himself should such an occasion as this arise?

Gerard Marlingford had not taken him by surprise, as he had meant to do. In a tone very mildly questioning the old man said—

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Come, Timothy, none of that," and Gerard laughed. "You do it uncommonly well, I must allow, but it's too thin, you know. You and I have met before to-day, old fellow."

"It's likely, sir," admitted the old man meekly, and with a perplexed shake of his gray head. "A man like me, that tramps about for a living, sees many strange faces first and last sir."

"Pshaw!" returned the other impatiently. "Don't be a fool, Timothy. Why, you're not green enough to suppose that you can take me in, I should hope, or to think that I have forgotten that old phiz of yours. Why, I knew you the moment I first caught sight of you the other night, and so did you me, you old hypocrite! Pah, do you think I don't know it, and have not noticed how uncommonly shy you have fought of me ever since, eh?"

The old man shook his head, the perplexed expression on his face increasing. He moved back a pace, appearing to be tired of the jest.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but, if you've done with me now, I'll go, by your leave. I've got some work to do, sir."

"Bah," cried Gerard angrily. "What's the good of playing the fool like this with me? Come, Timothy, we were good enough friends once upon a time, you know. You don't mean to say that you don't know me?"

"No," answered the old man defiantly. "I really don't know you, Mr. Marlingford."

"Pooh—Marlingford or Armitage—it's all the same! You don't know Gerard Armitage either, I suppose, eh?"

"No, I do not, sir."

"Ah, I see. You were smarter in the old days, Timothy. Bucolic occupations don't suit you as well as the footlights, eh?"

"Footlights, sir?"

Old Timothy passed his hand over his forehead with a distressed air.

"I don't know what you mean, sir, begging your pardon. You're taking me for someone else, mayhap. I've had a hard life of it, first and last, and seen many things in my time. I tramped it for months before I came here, and Mr. Keene took me to help about the stables and in the garden, sir."

"Ay! His wife asked him, didn't she?"

"It's likely, sir. She's a sweet, kind-hearted lady!"

"Bah!" Mr. Marlingford gave the stooping old figure a thrust that was half savage and half rallying. "I say again, do you think you can deceive me into believing that I don't know that old nut-cracker face of yours, as well as I know my own, you old Judas? What do I take you for? Why, I take you for Timothy Twitchett, alias Mr. Digby St. Auban, who used to play the heavy villian at the old Hyperion over the water, where little Nelly, your old sweetheart's daughter, used to dance, and was so confoundedly pretty—though not half so handsome as she is now, I swear—that she made me make a fool of myself over her. It was a lucky thing for her that she picked up with Keene, wasn't it? And an uncommonly lucky thing for you that you picked up with her again. Well, I don't that I want to spoil sport, for you didn't spoil mine. You were pleased enough when you helped, as you thought, to turn her into Mrs. Gerard Armitage, in that little back office in the Borough. You believed in it Timothy, didn't you? Wonder if she did?"

Gerard Marlingford concluded his remarks in a tone of easy questioning, and with a light laugh.

"If that don't fetch him," he thought, "either I'm mad or he is;" but the old man, without any change in his puzzled expression, merely shook his head as though to intimate that he did not understand, and walked slowly away in the direction of the stables. With an angry, baffled laugh Marlingford swung round upon his heel.

"Confound the old fool. He'd sell his very soul for Nelly, I verily believe. They are hand and glove to keep dark, that's pretty evident. Hang the girl. I wish she stood in Isabel's shoes—she's far the handsomer, and a vast deal more to my taste. Queer I should tumble across her again—hoped I had seen the last of her that day we met at Dover. I suppose she did believe it was all fair and square by the fuss she made when she found out how it was; and she must have been tolerably mad to act as she did, leaving the house without touching a fraction of the money I left her."

He laughed again.

"Well, I thought I should be replaced before long—remember saying so to Shorthouse, confound him—but I didn't suppose it would be by a husband. And she pretends to be so uncommonly fond of the fellow too—that's the best of it. Wonder whether it is all bunkum, or if she means it. Looks real too!"

He added the last words in an altered tone, and stood still as he reached the little side-door, which, like the large one, stood open, for in the principal doorway he saw two figures standing—Nelly and her husband.

Their words were spoken in a tone too low for him to catch, but he could see their attitudes, and how the girl's slender figure—it had grown painfully slender during the last fortnight—nestled within her husband's embrace, almost as though she dreaded to let him go, as well as the passionate gesture with which she presently threw her arms about his neck and kissed him before he whistled to Boodle and hurried away.

"It looks," observed Mr. Marlingford to himself, "uncommonly real."

He advanced, making plenty of noise upon the stone floor, and Nelly turned and saw him.

She would have hurried into the sitting-room, and locked the door upon him, for never since the night of his arrival at Bramble Farm had a word beyond those of ordinary courtesy passed between them: she had sedulously avoided meeting her unwelcome guest, and so far he had not openly tried to force himself upon her; but now he had reached the door before she did, and coolly barred the way.

Though her face wore an expression of defiance, she had never looked so handsome in his eyes as she did then; and the knowledge inflamed his evil temper even more than the sight of the cares to her husband.

Had he stood there, the winner of Isabel Grantham's hand and fortune, he might have been disposed to pity and spare her, but he was chagrined and desperate with the knowledge of his coming defeat, and the impulse to torture her was too strong to be resisted.

But a little time ago—less than two years—he had passionately admired her, loved her—in a fashion that desecrates the word—pursued, won, deceived and deserted her.

Now, meeting her again the honored wife of an honest man, he still regarded her with his old feeling—such as it was—and doing so was furious to know—as he did know—that she loathed him, and shrank from him as she might have done from an unclean creature.

In his ill-conditioned frame of mind he hated Stephen Keene for having won her away from him, as he chose to think, and doubly hated Nelly herself for the love which she gave her husband.

And so he stood in her path, the covert insolence of his manner hardly veiled by the smile upon his face. Nelly had no need to raise her eyes to know how bitterly it mocked her.

"Charming!" he said jeeringly. "The prettiest little tableau I have seen for a long time! Couldn't you repeat it for my benefit, Nelly? I doubt if you could have beaten that in your best Hyperion days. Upon my word I do. That sort of thing improves with practice, I suppose?"

She looked at him, and then lowered her eyes.

"Let me pass," she said.

He stood aside sufficiently for her to do so, and, swinging round upon his heel, he coolly followed her into the room. Nelly at once turned upon him.

"Why do you follow me?"

"For the best of reasons. Our conversation the other night ended rather abruptly. I have an hour and nothing to do with it, and it will be about the same time, I suppose, before Mr. Keene comes back. So we had better take the opportunity of resuming it." He paused for a moment, then went on: "Come, Nelly, be amiable. Why shouldn't we have a little talk about old times? You don't mind smoking, I know—neither, by-the-way, does my fair cousin, which is about the only thing in which you resemble each other that I can call to mind—and so I'll have a cigar."

Leaning against the table in the coolest of easy attitudes, he took out a cigar and lighted it, watching her covertly, and savagely feeling again how beautiful she was as she stood facing him, all her bitter scorn and aversion of him expressed in every line of her face and figure. But she was so hopelessly and helplessly snared—so completely at his mercy—he thought with cruel exultation—that she dared not defy him, let her hate him as she might. So he was astonished when she turned upon him suddenly and burst into rapid, passionate speech.

"Do not speak!" she cried. "I will hear nothing from you—nothing! Is not your mere presence here—here beneath my husband's roof—enough, but that in his absence you must goad and taunt me, like the coward and villian that you are? Be careful—I am not the woman that you knew, trapped, and snared. I will not be tortured, as you have tortured me, for much longer. Every word, every look that you have given me has been an insult which, in the very giving, you have dared me either to resent or to revenge. Is it not enough that you found me, less than two years ago, an innocent girl—as innocent as the girl you wish to make your wife, as you pretended to make me—and that you pursued, won, deceived, and then cast me off into the very mire of the streets, for all you knew or cared, but that now, finding me happy and honored, you must at every turn cast in my teeth that very past, and taunt me with my deceit to my husband, and turn his love—which was my delight—into torment and shame? Have you no conscience, Gerard Marlingford—no heart, that you cannot—leaving the past unatoned, as it must be left—at least leave me in peace to forget it if I may?"

She stopped in her passionate flow of words, checked not only by the force of her emotion, but by the expression of his face. He had had time to recover from his first surprise.

As he lounged against the table, his attitude grew more insolently mocking, and he laughed, taking his lighted cigar from between his lips to glance at it.

"I suppose you are really fond of the fellow, eh?"

She looked at him again: in spite of himself his eyes drooped, but neither his expression nor his manner altered. Half leaning, half sitting on the table, he went on speaking as coolly and slowly as he might have done had their conversation been upon the most trivial topic.

"Oh, I am not going to dispute it—I'll allow that it is pretty evident! On the contrary, I have found it rather amusing, as illustrating the charming fickleness of your sex. I expected to be replaced, of course, but hardly so quickly, I must say."

"Why, do you think I ever cared for you?" she asked slowly and contemptuously.

"A direct question," he rejoined, smiling. "Yes: I had vanity enough to think that you did, Nelly."

"Never!" she returned.

"Ah, indeed?"—and he raised his eyebrows incredulously. "Never? And yet you married me, I must remind you, or you thought you did—for I suppose that you really did think that that little piece of business was genuine?"

"Married you!" she repeated, ignoring his last sentence. "Yes, I married you—as I thought—and why? Because I loved you? To my shame and honor at once, I say, 'Never,' Gerard Marlingford. I hated my stage life, the poverty in which it was lived, the associations that it entailed, and, above all, that insolent admiration which assailed me. To me you were an escape, for I believed that you offered me true respect and an honest love. But to me you were never more than that—never!"

"A convenience?" he said in a tone of cool questioning. "I see. Then after all we are quits, my dear, for it appears that I anticipated you."

"It is false," she cried, "and you know it. Had you been my husband, as I thought you—nay, had you been false to me, being still my husband—I should have been true to you until death separated us."

"Exactly," he returned, again removing his cigar to glance at it: "but all the same perhaps you will pardon me if I reserve my opinion. Now, touching that outburst of yours just now, I must tell you that you made a good many mistakes. You lavished a number of pretty names upon me, but I don't mind that, for you look a good deal prettier in a temper than out of it—which isn't the case with most women, by-the-way; but what I want to point out to you is that, being, as you call it, pretty tightly

snared, it will perhaps be more prudent to do as I said, and listen quietly to what I have to say. As to hearing my presence here, and so forth, you really have no alternative, since, if you were to express a wish that I should go, your husband might probably ask me why—he and I are very excellent friends; he is charmed with my admiration for his wife—and that in its turn might lead to unpleasant complications, which I fancy you would rather avoid."

She had turned away, her hands were locked tightly before her, her head drooped upon her breast, which heaved convulsively.

"In some other ways of course you are right enough—we are speaking in confidence—and I don't at all attempt to deny that I certainly did trick you into a false marriage, for to tell unnecessary lies is simply foolish and a waste of ingenuity, as well as being a tax on the memory."

"You can stand there and confess it," she cried, glancing at him with an expression of utter scorn.

"Certainly, why not? You know as well as I that the whole affair was a sham, or you would hardly have allowed yourself to be made Mrs. Stephen Keene. And I must say, Nelly, that you certainly were taken in with the most remarkable ease. Any other girl would have known pretty quickly that that little back office in the Borough was no more a registry office than this room is. I know I thought at the time that it was an uncommonly lucky thing for me that you hadn't any one sharper to look after you than that old fool Twitchett, who pretends not to know me. By-the-way, what is that for? And is your husband in the dark upon that point to?"

He paused and glanced at his cigar again, as though waiting for her to reply, but she did not speak. He continued, as coolly as before—

"But of course he is. In fact, he was giving me an account only yesterday of how he stumbled over the old fellow, and of how uncommonly tender-hearted it was of you to insist upon taking him in. Well, as I was saying, I certainly did that; but when you begin to talk about my casting you into the mire, which I suppose simply means turning you out, you must know that I did nothing of the kind. You must know perfectly well that when I wrote that letter, telling you what was the real state of the case, before I went off to Norway, I left you both the house and plenty of money—more than I could spare in fact—not to speak of your jewels, for some of which I owe even at the present minute. Surely you don't mean to blame me because, after taking that mad journey down to Dover, you chose to leave the place and every penny in it, and starve yourself over that—what was it?—card-painting and sewing rubbish! You ought to have been comfortable enough, and would have been, if you had taken the thing sensibly."

"Money!" she cried, turning swiftly upon him, her eyes glittering. "Your money, Gerard Marlingford! Do you think that, once knowing what you were, and what you had made me, I would have taken from you the value of a crust? Never, had I been starving—your tossed-away plaything as I was!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, altering his position against the table for an easier one, "we will take that for what it is worth. At any rate it was not my fault that you chose to do as you did. And as for deserting you, I really don't know that I meant to do anything of the kind. Of course I couldn't marry you, for, as I explained to you, I must marry my cousin, Miss Grantham; but, that once safely done, the chances were that I should have looked you up again. But of course you have put a stop to all this by means of this husband of yours, who is certainly a most conveniently obliging and trustful piece of rusticity, or he would never have taken in so implicitly as he has all the lies which you have told him. It does credit to your wits, Nelly—upon my word it does; and, all things considered, I'm not surprised that you are so touchingly fond of him, and so uncommonly anxious to keep certain things dark."

He stopped again, and glanced at her with another malicious smile; but her head had sunk upon her breast, and she said not a word. His cigar was dying out, and he restored it to a glow with a few vigorous puffs before going on.

"As to my having any heart—to finish up that eloquent outburst of yours—I suppose I must have something like one, or I should never have been so uncommonly fond of you, or made such a fool of myself over you. As to conscience—well, I don't set up to be more moral than other men. Ask any man of the law, from the Lord Chief Justice downwards, what is a moral man, and he'll tell you one who keeps out of the clutches of the law. The weather-side of the policeman and morality are pretty much the same thing in these degenerate days. It is confoundedly lucky for some of us, too!"

His cigar was smoked out, and after a moment he made a movement towards the fire, as though to fling the end of the cigar into the grate. The movement brought him nearer to Nelly, and in an instant her grasp was upon his arm—a vice-like grip, weak and slender as the small hands looked. Had he tried to free himself instead of standing still in sheer surprise at this sudden passionate awakening from her apathy, he would have found that it needed all his strength. With her face white as the lace at her throat, her hands pressing him from her with repugnance, even while she thus held him, her lustrous eyes steadily met his pale face and shifting glance.

"Gerard Marlingford, do you remember the last time that you spoke to me—the only time, until now, when you dared speak to me," she said with kindling passion, "of what is past and gone?"

"My dear Nelly, certainly. I don't pretend that it was by any means so pleasant as some of our previous conversations; but I am proud to say that I remember it perfectly. Do you want me to recall it for your benefit?"

"No; I will recall it for you. Speak to me again as you have just spoken, look at me as you have dared to look to-day, and I not you, will be the one who tells the tale. Beneath the roof of the man whom I love and honor with all my heart I will bear your presence, your threats, your insolence no longer, even to spare him the knowledge that I am what I am. I don't appeal to you—I should scorn your mercy were it offered—but I remind you that I have a weapon upon my side which shall be used if you goad me further. You have not married Miss Grantham yet. Give me a pledge that you will never again enter my husband's doors, and that you will be silent entirely and completely, and I will be silent too. If you do not, I swear that I will tell the whole truth, not only to my husband, but to Sir John Grantham and his daughter."

Her hands relaxed their grip upon his arm as suddenly as they had grasped it, and fell locked before her as she drew back a pace from him, her large eyes fixed full upon his face.

Looking back at her, he broke slowly into a laugh—a laugh that had in it a ring of cruel mockery.

"The whole truth?" he repeated. "Exactly; and may I ask what that will amount to? It is easy to make a statement, to bring an accusation—there is nothing easier—the awkward part is that proofs are usually required to substantiate either the one or the other. And in this case I'm afraid you would find that they would not be forthcoming."

He took up his old position, lounging against the table, and went on.

"You see I should of course deny it—utterly deny it, and what would be your course then?"

"Had the false ceremony by which you tricked me no witness?" she quickly demanded.

"Witnesses? Oh, yes, certainly there were witnesses; but I'm afraid you would find that they would not be able to help you much. You see, the fellow who played the part of registrar—and, by-the-way, whose very name you don't know—sailed for India to join his regiment about a couple of months ago, and is consequently not available; while as for Shorthouse—well, he has too great a respect for his own safety ever to allow that he had anything to do with so dubious an affair. Of course you will say that there is old Twitchett, but, as you have already deceived your husband about him in one direction, I doubt if even his charming simplicity would be disposed to credit implicitly anything else upon that subject. And unfortunately you can't speak of the one without exposing the other."

He stopped again, with the same half-smile of malicious triumph, as he looked at her. She had drawn back, and stood leaning against the chimney-piece with her eyes upon him; but she said not a word.

"All you would be able to prove—and you might do that with tolerable ease, I have no doubt—is that we lived together for the best part of a year. And, although that would probably render my position a little more uncomfortable, I'm afraid its tendency would be to render yours very much more so. For I presume that there is a limit to your husband's belief in and infatuation for you. No; the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that silence is your best policy. Of course you would do me any harm you could—it is very natural; and I assure you that I admire the spirit of the notion, but you see plainly that it is not practicable, since you cannot strike at me without the blow rebounding with double force upon yourself. We are both to an extent in the same pickle, I admit; but there is no denying that the snare is wound much more tightly in your case than in mine, and that, while it is possible you could do me a little harm, it is certain that I could do you a great deal. As to enlightening your husband, you will think better of that for your own sake; and for my part I don't know that, if things go well with me, I shall think it worth while to disturb the very charming state of confidence in which he exists at present. A fool's paradise is pleasant enough, I suppose, and just now I'm perfectly willing to leave your husband to the enjoyment of his. If ever I do feel it necessary to undeceive him, I will promise to warn you first. And now, as I see that he is at the present moment coming down the path, with that uncomfortably sharp-eyed young woman, his sister, I think I will go. We quite understand each other, Nelly?"

She pointed to the door without a word; and then, with a gesture in which remorse, shame, anger, fear, and the most intense hate and repugnance seemed to be mingled, she turned from him, hiding her face in her hands.

He went out and left her standing so, and Stephen, as he passed him almost on the threshold, saw only his usual cool self-possessed expression upon the pale handsome face; and Hester Longcroft, for all her keen black eyes, saw nothing remarkable either.

What she did see pleased her, for in passing Mr. Gerard Marlingford had smiled and lifted his hat to her with the most charmingly polished courtesy.

But Boodle, who was trotting after his master in the best of tempers, suddenly stopped short and sent a vicious growl after the retreating figure.

CHAPTER XIV.

DINNER that evening at Grantham Hall was not by any means so cheerful a meal as usual. Isabel's brilliant smiles and gay chatter had given way to gravity; Marcus Chalfont looked gloomy; "old Edy" was manifestly uncomfortable and ill at ease, responding but very ungraciously to the conversational efforts of Gerard Marlingford, who seemed to be in the best of spirits; while Sir John was in a very bad temper indeed, snapping at the servants, grumbling at the dishes, and clearing his throat so often and with such portentous meaning that Isabel from beneath her long lashes stole by turns startled and questioning looks at her lover and godfather.

Sir John's way of showing his temper was not to be mistaken—he always did it by making himself intensely disagreeable to everybody.

On the present occasion the ruffled state of his mind was so unusually obvious, and the gloom which it cast over the company was so marked, that it had at last its effect upon Marlingford himself, who leant back in his chair, and, glancing at his uncle, became almost as moody as the rest.

Sitting over the wine in company with such a very bad-tempered host was not a pleasant amusement, and the gentlemen very soon followed the ladies to the drawing-room, where, to the general relief, Sir John presently fell asleep by the fire.

Gerard Marlingford, with a couple of young men who were staying at the Hall, shortly afterwards went off to the billiard-room; two or three young ladies and the Buttermead curate, who was the possessor of an excruciating a tenor voice as was ever owned by mortal man, gathered round the piano; four or five elderly gentlemen talked politics on the hearthrug; the same number of matrons whispered scandal in a corner, and "old Edy," with a lack of sociability very unlike the genial Viscount, withdrew himself from everybody, and turned over with a vast appearance of interest a book of prints at a distant side-table.

Isabel, who had fallen into the clutches of the Vicar of Buttermead, a strong-minded man with High Church leanings, and who was powerfully holding forth upon the depravity of the rural population—which would not come to church—glanced up presently, and, catching the keen eyes of the old gentleman fixed upon her with a good deal of expression, quitted her companion with but a short excuse, and, seeing that Sir John still slumbered, crossed the room to him, taking her seat upon the ottoman at his side.

"What have you to tell me, Lord Edyvean?" she whispered eagerly, under cover of her fan. "I see you have kept your promise and spoken to papa for us, as Marcus told me you would. What did he say?"

"Well, my dear," replied "old Edy" very kindly, "suppose I leave you to guess."

"Was he very angry?" asked Isabel, lifting her eyes.

"Well, my dear," returned the Viscount in the same tone, "what do you think?"

"I was afraid it would be so; in fact, I knew that it would. Oh, dear, how tiresome it is! I wish Gerard were at the Antipodes, I declare!" cried the girl impetuously. "Sir John would never attempt to coerce me, but that he has his dear foolish old heart set upon my marrying Gerard. Now I shall get a dreadful scolding to-morrow—not that I mind that—and he will turn more disagreeable to Marcus than he is already."

"Old Edy" stroked his heavy moustache thoughtfully.

"Yes, my love, I think that's highly probable."

"Oh, it is quite certain!" The young lady patted her white shoe impatiently upon the carpet. "In any other case I could persuade Sir John in a moment; but I verily believe that he made up his mind before I was out of short frocks that I should be Gerard's wife. Of course he will give way at last—he must—but until then I foresee nothing but trouble and unpleasantness," cried the spoiled girl petulantly. "I don't know what to do."

"Well, my dear," said the Viscount thoughtfully, and yet glancing at her flushed and frowning face with something like a smile, "it is the duty of little girls and boys to mind their papas, you know."

"Lord Edyvean, don't preach to me!"—with another stamp of the white-shod foot.

"My dear, I don't know when I heard a sermon, far less preached one. Do you want my advice?"

"Of course—we both do."

"Exactly. Well, my dear, in some cases it is my opinion that the most effective course of action is to take the bull by the horns."

"What do you mean?" asked Isabel quickly, and with a rapid flash of her gray eyes.

His lordship laughed.

"I think, my dear, that if you put something over your head and go out presently to the broad walk round by the shrubbery you may perhaps find somebody there who will tell you. In fact somebody went out there to wait for you some twenty minutes ago. Sir John is waking up, and I don't think I would let him see me go, if I were you. And a last word, my love—if you tell me nothing it is clear that I can know nothing, isn't it?"

With a swift look of mingled wonder and intelligence Isabel rose, glancing about her, while Lord Edyvean, in the most innocently indifferent manner in the world, strolled across and button-holed Sir John as he got out of his chair, thus preventing the Baronet from seeing his daughter slip quickly out.

Miss Grantham ran up to her room, caught up the first wrap that came to hand, and, running lightly down again, was in a moment or two out in the keen air of the April evening, and hastening towards the broad walk which wound round by the shrubbery.

Marcus Chalfont, who had grown rather miserable as well as cold as he waited, looked up as her light foot-fall sounded on the gravel path, and, throwing away his half-smoked cigar, came forward to meet her, saying—

"I thought you would come, Isabel."

"Of course, dear!"

She slipped her hand within his arm, and began to pace the path with him.

"I came as soon as I knew you were here. Lord Edyvean was speaking to me just now."

"What did he tell you?"

"Really nothing. What did he tell you?"

"That Sir John gave him pretty much the answer that he gave me; and it is hardly necessary for me to repeat what that was. We shall have nothing but the sternest opposition from him."

"But that is only what we expected," Isabel reminded her lover.

"I know, but it galls me for all that. If only I had a better position to offer you. In that case I——"

"Now, Marcus"—for a second her fingers playfully touched his lips—"you promised me that you would keep your temper; and you must not forget that Sir John is not only my father, but the dearest old darling in the world in spite of that shockingly pepper temper of his. Besides, don't you know that nothing in the world can make any difference to me?"

"My dearest"—he clasped the hands resting upon his arm and kissed her glowing cheek with a passion in face and voice which his usually quiet manner only rendered the more impressive—"if I did not know and believe that I should be in despair. Just now, walking up and down here, thinking how poor I am, how many years it must be before I can offer you a position even something like that which I ask you to leave—if I ever can indeed—and what a brilliant match you might make with your beauty and fortune, I almost made up my mind that my only honest course was to give you back your freedom."

"You did not quite make it up, I hope?" said Isabel with cool quaintness. "Because if you did I must decline to have anything to do with the transaction. When I gave you my promise, Marcus, it was to 'keep,' as the children say. We won't waste any more time talking like this, for I may be missed by this time; and if Sir John notices that we are both out of the room he is quite capable of bringing out his big stick to fetch us in again. You had something to say to me, Lord Edyvean told me—something to suggest, I think he meant. What is it?"

She looked at her lover as she asked the question, and saw the red flush that rose in his face and the unwonted hesitation of his manner. Her quick intelligence, together with the words Lord Edyvean had spoken, gave her an inkling as to what was in his mind, and a responsive flush rose in her own cheek. She came to a sudden halt and smiled as she looked at him.

"You may tell me, Marcus," she said. "Perhaps I have thought of it too. We spoke of Gretna Green once before, I think, didn't we?"

"Isabel, you are a witch!" He looked quite as much astonished as delighted. "My darling girl, but for 'old Edy' I should never have dared to mention such a thing to you, although I'll confess that I have thought of it. But he suggested it himself to-day."

"What did he say?"

"That he thought, in the face of Sir John's determined opposition, which is not likely to grow less while things remain as they are, it would be the best thing that we could do if you would but consent to it."

"And afterwards?" asked Isabel very gravely.

"Could Sir John be angry with you for a week?"

"Dear old daddy! No, I don't think he could. Indeed"—and she laughed—"I believe after the first outburst he would think it rather amusing. He came very near running away with my mother, you know, and is fond of talking about it now. He says that the girls and boys had something like spirit in them in those days, and thought no more of running away, and coming back penitent immediately afterwards to ask forgiveness, than they did of eating their dinners."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LONDON correspondent writes: Several members have signed a memorial to the Speaker asking him to allow cards, chess, and such little games to be played in the House of Commons. The movement is no doubt due to the weariness and dullness of the protracted session. Members have been obliged to hang about the House for hours in order to take part in divisions, and they have found it no easy task to interest and amuse themselves during the tedious waits. Hence the suggestion that a rubber of whist or a game of chess should be allowed in the library or smoking-room. I anticipate that if any attempt is made to give effect to the idea it will lead to considerable opposition.

COULD THAT DAY COME BACK.

BY W. W. LONG.

Fairest, purest of all pure things,
That one white day,
With its beauty, bloom and golden hours,
Lying dead in Time's way.

Could it come back to you and me,
With its loved ones tender and true,
With its sweet dead love, a memory now,
Different we'd be and do.

We would gauge our sad and broken lives
By its holy, tender light,
We would step from shadows that round us lie,
Into its radiance bright.

We would bury the hate that between us lies,
Under our weary feet;
We would give to each our dead love's dower,
And life would be complete.

We would have a longings or vain regrets,
But live in Love's pure way,
If Time could unlock the gates of the past,
And bring us again that day.

FOUND AT LAST.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER I.

PATE SMITH was a name which, like that of "Amos Cottle," did not sound somehow as if it were fit to fill the trumpet throat of Fame.

But it did. His years were little more than forty, and he had won his place in the first rank of his contemporary painters.

He was an A.R.A., and almost everybody in the artistic world predicted that he must be elected R.A. when the next vacancy occurred.

He was popular amongst youthful artists because he was so ready to welcome a new 'brother of the brush and mahlstick,' and so ready to help them forward in their work with sympathetic counsel and direction whenever he discovered a glint of power. His sanguine nature discovered that glint in many productions which were so crude that his compeers were inclined to laugh at him, until the fact became remarkable that his predictions rarely proved false. On the other hand, he was still more correct as a prophet when he said to a young aspirant for honors—

"Don't waste time in going on with this kind of work. You will make nothing of it. Try some other trade."

It always caused him pain to say this, but he never hesitated to do so when the occasion arose.

Still, he used the word trade with a vague feeling that it softened the verdict of dismissal from the poetic path of Art. For the dilettante who took up painting as an amusement—a thing intended merely to while away idle hours—he had the profoundest scorn and no patience.

This feeling he expressed so plainly in the bluntest sarcasm (to which his Northern accent gave additional point) that vain and affected people rarely paid a second visit to his studio.

He was popular amongst the elders of his craft—in spite of his exceptional success—because he sincerely appreciated their work and listened with respect to their comments on his own.

These comments, he said, often opened his eyes to something he had missed; but the something was always totally different from what had been suggested. The suggestion, however, having led him to the discovery of it, he frankly acknowledged his indebtedness.

This generosity on his part enabled a few men to deceive themselves with the belief that they might claim the credit of some of his finest effects in landscape or figure.

The man who deceived himself most on this point was Harold Ormond, and Pate never repudiated by word or look any credit which he claimed.

Mr. Ormond had helped him at the period when he was beginning his struggle for the fame and fortune he had now attained, and Mr. Ormond had a pretty daughter. Moreover, he was a very wealthy merchant, a virtuoso, and great patron of the arts.

His house in Kensington was filled with pictures and sculpture, and every room blockaded with bric-a-brac.

It was he who had given Pate the commissions which had enabled him to spend a year in Italy—the paradise of artists—and permitted him the leisure to execute the works which had proved the steppingstones to his present position.

He never forgot that, and he felt pleasure in allowing his patron to be happy in the thought of having contributed more to the success of the young artist by the influence of his cultured taste than by the material aid he had given him—material aid which had been duly repaid.

So Pate never felt annoyed at anything Mr. Ormond said, no matter how wrong he knew him to be, and they remained good friends, notwithstanding that the merchant continued to play the role of patron when the idea of patronage had become ridiculous.

To the common eye Pate was not a handsome man. He was short of stature, although firmly built.

He had short, bristling, reddish hair over a square, resolute brow; a nose rather broad at the tip, and his pale moustache did not hide the fact that his lips were rather thick to be regarded as indicative of an imaginative or sentimental character.

But the large, clear blue eyes lit up the face, and in moments of excitement or enthusiasm transformed it into a reflector of power and emotion.

In his work he displayed extreme delicacy of touch and feeling; his outward appearance was that of a good-humored but uncouth man.

One friendly critic who was struck by this singular contrast between the worker and his work put the question:

"There is always sentiment in your color as well as your subjects, Smith—how do you get it?"

"I really don't know," Pate answered, laughing, "it grows out of itself, somehow."

The secret source of his effects was only half-comprehended by himself; and not being fond of theorising about Art, he had always avoided forming a theory about his own method of work.

Had he attempted to do so, he would have found that attraction which his pictures possessed was due to the theme that inspired everything he did—hope and faith.

Even in his most tragic pictures there was always a gleam of hope somewhere. Take for instance his 'Shepherd's Fate,' where the man, overcome by the snow-storm, whilst endeavoring to save the sheep has fallen helpless on the ground; his dog is vainly trying to rouse him by tugging at his plaid.

In the distance is dawn, revealing a rescuing party hastening towards them. The effect was admirable, although sad, and won the highest encomiums from the best judges.

It found a place on the line in the Academy, and was one of the most popular pictures of the year.

But he did not care for gloomy subjects. He revelled in sunshine; in green and purple hills and straths; in laughing streams and glowing harvest-fields with happy peasants busy at work or play.

He wanted to produce work that would help those who looked at it to remember the sunshine, of which every one has a glimpse at times.

His studio was attached to an old-fashioned cottage standing on the slope of Hampstead Hill Road, a little way beyond Chalk Farm station.

The cottage had been erected long before the lines of commodious family residences and terraces obliterated the green fields and enhanced the value of land. Consequently it stood well back from the thoroughfare and had fruit-trees in the front garden, as well as a patch of sward and some flower-beds with boxwood borders. There was also a garden at the back of the cottage, and here Pate built a convenient studio which he improved as his fortune increased.

When his success became assured he was constantly urged by dealers and some friends to remove—for appearance sake—to Melbury Road, the favorite quarters of men who had made their mark.

But nothing would induce him to leave the old place. He had taken it after his first triumph, and it was associated with precious memories. Hither he had brought his mother from her humble home in the North; here she had spent some happy years with him, and here she had died.

"I don't care for a swell place," he would say, "and this is big enough for all my wants, seeing that I have neither wife nor bairns, and am not likely to have either. All the friends who think me worth looking up never object to coming here, and I can see those who don't like to make the journey at the Hogarth. Besides, Mysie would never allow me to flit."

Mysie Cameron was a distant relative—a second cousin seven times removed, or something of that kind—who acted as housekeeper.

She was a maiden who had seen at least fifty-five years, endowed with sharp features, a shrill voice, and restlessly active limbs. She ruled the house imperiously, keeping the single domestic who was under her constantly on the trot, and Pate allowed her the innocent pleasure of believing that she ruled him as well as the house.

Pate was in the studio busy putting the finishing touches to one of the pictures he was sending to the forthcoming Academy. It was towards the end of March, and happened to be a bright morning, and bright mornings being somewhat rare he was eager to take advantage of the light.

He was standing at his easel, and behind him, lounging in an easy chair, emitting clouds of smoke from a large briar-root, was a tall young fellow about twenty-five or twenty-eight.

He was handsome and well-made. The face was intellectual, lit by dark eyes, and adorned with a black moustache which matched the color of his hair.

Whilst affecting the careless manner of a Bohemian he was evidently scrupulous about his appearance; for his dress, although very quiet in color, was cut in the latest fashion.

This was Dick Musgrave, who, having inherited a small income, had resolved to become a painter. He had some aptitude; he was devoted to Art, and was an earnest worker, notwithstanding his affectation of being always at leisure.

Pate understood him, and, in the belief that he would yet do something good, took much interest in him. Although their characters were as widely different as could be, except in their love of Art, they became close friends; and Dick profited more by his visits to Pate's studio than all his studies under other masters.

"How do you manage it?" exclaimed Dick, as he looked at the canvas with admiring enthusiasm.

"Manage what?" queried Pate abstractedly, examining his picture with critical eyes, whilst he unconsciously rubbed his nose with the handle of his brush.

"That," answered the other, waving his pipe towards the easel.

"Oh, I understand — with paints and brushes, of course."

"My paints and brushes will never do anything like it for me."

"You don't know yet," was the quiet response. "The fact that you are discontented with yourself at present is a hopeful sign that you may do good work in the future. Fellows who are content seldom care to make an effort."

"Are you not contented?"

"No, I never am. As soon as the canvas is out of my hands, and said to be finished, I see ever so many things which might be improved in it."

"Is that why you keep your magnum opus yonder so long unfinished and hidden from everybody? Look here, old fellow, I wish you would let me have a look at it so that I might try to learn a valuable lesson from the hitch which stops your hand."

As the ambitious tyro spoke he advanced towards the heavy curtains, which screened a corner of the studio.

"Stop, Dick," said Pate hastily. "You cannot see it—no one but myself is to see it until I feel that it is finished."

"When will that be?"

"Perhaps never."

There was a faint note of melancholy in the tone with which this was uttered.

"Then some day when I know you are out I shall drop in and satisfy myself."

"You cannot. The canvas is in a locked case."

"Whew!" whistled Dick in much surprise. "You must place some very special store on it."

"I do—it is a dream."

"Then, I hope it is a happy one, and that it will come true. You shall not hear another word of chaff about it from me, and I promise not to speak of it again until you show it to me."

"Thank you, Dick, that is the kindest thing you can do for me."

A shade had come over Pate's face, and he had laid aside palette and brushes as if he could do no more work that day. Dick with much compunction saw that he had inadvertently caused his friend pain.

Hitherto he had been under the impression that the painting on which Pate had been so long engaged was some daring experiment that would not bear inspection until it should be sufficiently advanced to satisfy him that its meaning would be comprehended.

But now he surmised that in this secret work there was something more than an experiment.

He would keep his promise not to refer to it again, although his curiosity was whetted by the information that the canvas was kept in a locked case.

The door of the studio banged open, and old Mysie thrust in her head.

"There's Mister Ormond's card for you, and his dochter is wi' him, and he wants to see you."

At this announcement Dick's face flushed with pleasure, but he walked uneasily to the other end of the studio whilst Pate was telling Mysie to say that he would see the visitors immediately.

"Will they be coming here?" asked Dick half as if he wished they would and half as if he wished they would not.

"Very likely," said Pate, as he washed his hands, "but at any rate you might throw open the windows and let the smoke out."

"And after that open the door and let myself out," was Dick's laughing condition.

"Why so? You were always welcome at Ormond's. You haven't quarreled with him?"

"Oh no, but— Well, somehow I fancy he has been rather cool to me of late. Probably made up his mind that I should never do anything that he could be proud of, and——"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door and the appearance of Mr. Ormond himself, followed by his daughter. The latter's face flushed at the sight of Dick, as his had done at the intimation of her arrival.

"You will excuse me, my dear Smith," said Mr. Ormond with gracious familiarity, "but I am in a hurry to-day, and learning that you were here came straight to you, instead."

"No need for ceremony between us," returned Pate, shaking hands cordially with father and daughter.

"Of course not, of course not, my dear fellow. Well, I am here for two purposes. First, to have a glance at your picture, and second, to tell you that I want you to dine with us to-night. Brouillard, whose picture was the hit of last year's Salon, is to be with us, and I felt sure that you would like to meet him."

Mr. Ormond did not admit, even to himself, that he desired, besides giving pleasure to Pate, to show off his successful protege before the great French painter.

He would feel all the evening that his own perspicacity and generosity were on view.

"Thank you. I should very much like to meet him," was Pate's answer.

"I do not think you see Mr. Musgrave, papa?" whispered the daughter a little awkwardly.

Mr. Ormond put on his glasses and looked straight at Dick, who was standing at a few paces distance.

"Oh, Musgrave, how do you do?" said the patron rather coldly. "Got anything for the Academy this year?"

"Nothing that I care to offer," answered Dick carelessly. "It isn't worth a fellow's while sending in what he knows ought to be rejected, and most probably will."

"You are perfectly right; but by this time you ought to have something that was worth sending in. Let me see—have you anything hung yet?"

Dick flushed, and so did Miss Ormond, who glanced at him with an expression of sympathy and appeal for forbearance.

"Surely you cannot have forgotten that he had the portrait of a lady almost on the line last year," broke in Pate warmly—sensitive to the sting which Dick had received, and pained to be obliged to acknowledge that he experienced a feeling of resentment towards the man whom he was bound always to regard with gratitude.

"Ah! now that you remind me of it, I believe there was," said Mr. Ormond, wiping his glasses with a silk handkerchief. "I am very pleased to be reminded of it. You see, Musgrave, my memory is not so good as it was, and unless a thing makes a very deep impression on it I am apt to forget. Now let us have a look at your picture, Smith."

To Dick there was studied rudeness, if not open insult, in the words and manner of Mr. Ormond, and he would have resented it promptly if those eyes had not been fixed upon him so beseechingly.

He took his revenge in a way that was much more satisfactory to himself than any direct retort, however cleverly made, could have been.

"Whilst your father is examining Mr. Smith's new picture, Miss Ormond, let me show you some of the mysteries of Art in his sketches," he said with a smile, as he led her towards a stand on which was a huge portfolio filled with hurried sketches of sky, sea, land, and character, made at the moment with brush or pencil as might be.

Whilst turning over the sketches there were opportunities for hands to touch each other, and for occasional phrases in undertones which had nothing whatever to do with what they were looking at.

Pate was heartily glad of anything which should break off the unpleasant conversation between Dick and Ormond, for he felt sure that the former would not stand much more of it. So he instantly took his visitor to the easel at which he had been working.

Mr. Ormond was very precise in his method of examining a picture—and he really did know a good one when he saw it, which is much more than can be said of the majority of Art patrons.

First, he made certain that his glasses were perfectly clear; second, he took a general survey; third, he drew back several paces and made another examination from that point of view; fourth, he moved to the right; fifth, he moved to the left; sixth, he went close up to the picture, almost touching the canvas with his nose, to inspect the modus operandi; and finally he drew back to a position which seemed to him the correct focus of the picture, and stood for some moments in silence. If satisfied he would give a sigh of relief, and say:

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you—most heartily congratulate you."

If the result was not satisfactory he would murmur in tones carefully graduated according to the degree of his estimation of the work: "Good, good, but——"

Then would follow a learned disquisition on possible improvements. He never had looked at a picture in which he did not discover something that might be improved, and he could even point out flaws in the most revered works of the Old Masters.

If he happened to be very much dissatisfied, he would take off his glasses, swing them pendulum fashion on his forefinger, and say softly: "Don't you think that—ah—that——" and so on.

On the present occasion he displayed the usual signs of his high approval, and was, with solemn countenance, apparently gazing with earnest admiration upon the picture.

But in reality, whilst complimenting Pate, he was looking over his glasses and over the picture at his daughter and Dick, who appeared to find the profoundest interest in the portfolio.

He caught only snatches of their conversation, and all that he heard might be quite applicable to the sketches they were so busy examining.

"Patience and faith are——" mumble, mumble, mumble, from Dick.

"Yes, but——" mumble, mumble, from the girl, very softly.

"True hearts never——" mumble, mumble. "Till death——" mumble again from Dick.

Mr. Ormond dropped his glasses, and said abruptly:

"I must have a look at this, Smith, when there is time to give it the study it deserves. I must be off now. You will be with us to-night—dinner at seven-thirty, sharp? Come along, Lucie."

The girl started at the sharp summons and turned quickly. Her eyes were very bright and there was a glow upon her cheeks that was not entirely due to the fresh spring air through which she had been recently driving.

"I am ready, papa," she said demurely.

Pate was watching her and thinking—"How beautiful she is!"

"Good-bye, Musgrave. Shall be delighted to look in at your studio when you tell me there is something to see."

The great patron hurried off with his daughter. Pate accompanied them to the carriage, and stood on the kerb for a few minutes looking after it. Then he slowly

returned to Dick, who was busy relighting his pipe, his face beaming with pleasure.

"Didn't I tell you the old boy was inclined to be queer with me?" he said in his sprightly way, as if the matter were one of indifference to him.

"You must have done something to annoy him," rejoined Pate seriously, whilst he was evidently thinking of something else. "What is it?"

"Ah, he keeps that to himself," was the laughing reply, emphasized with a shrug of the shoulders. "Very likely I contradicted some of his pet theories or disputed his judgment about one of my own pictures."

"There must be something more than that. With all his vanities Ormond is both good-natured and considerate; and I have known him stand a good deal of chaff even from bumptious youngsters like you without resenting it. But it is plain that you have managed to tread on a very sore corn somehow."

"That's certain; but let us hope he'll get over it in time—and I dare-say he will." Dick added mentally, "He will soon have no choice."

"You ought to help him to get over it. Go to him, and ask him frankly what is the matter. There is nothing pleases him better than a straightforward question whenever there is any misunderstanding."

Dick puffed away at his pipe as if he were considering this advice, although he did not seem to relish it. There was an earnestness in his expression which only appeared when the subject of his reflections was very serious.

"I'll think about it," he said at length, his sprightliness considerably moderated. "Are you coming out?"

"Not just now."

"Then I'll see you to-morrow, and tell you whether or not I have made up my mind to speak to Ormond."

Pate, being left alone, bolted the door; then, with both hands clasped behind him and head bowed, walked up and down.

By-and-by he methodically arranged the sliding shutters so that the light was concentrated upon that part of the studio where hung the heavy curtains which concealed the picture he was painting with so much secrecy.

He drew aside the curtains softly, as if afraid to disturb a sleeper. Then tenderly he unlocked the case which stood on the easel and revealed the picture.

He sat down before it, gazing at it with sad, earnest eyes. Presently he murmured in a tone that was almost despairing:

"Oh, that something in those eyes! Can I never get it?"

CHAPTER II.

LUCILLE ORMOND—always called Lucie by her father and intimate friends—was a bright, fair-haired girl, with a fresh face and the tenderst blue eyes imaginable.

She had lost her mother ten years ago, when she was only twelve. Since then she had been the constant companion of her father in his travels, his reading, and amusements.

She had not his passion for pictures and articles of vertu, but through her devotion to him she found pleasure in them, and to some extent acquired a real appreciation of them.

The father was a man of medium height, with crisp, close-cropped white hair and close-cropped white whiskers framing a placid, agreeable countenance. He regarded his daughter as the most precious of all his treasures, and watched over her accordingly with jealous eyes whilst he endeavored to gratify her every wish.

They were more like comrades than father and daughter, made little jokes about each other when alone, and exchanged playfully sarcastic remarks, at which they both laughed heartily.

They were very happy together, and until about a year ago it had not dawned upon Lucie that there could enter into her life another element which might disturb the even tenor of their way.

She was uneasily conscious that this disturbing element had entered into her heart on this day when they were driving away from Pate's house.

She tried to deceive herself on the subject by mentally repeating the phrase, "Nothing, nothing can ever come between me and my father."

But she was uneasy all the same, and at length sought relief from her own thoughts in a question.

"Why were you so unkind to Mr. Musgrave, papa?"

The father looked round smiling, and with an inquiring expression.

"Was I unkind to him? How?"

"Oh, in your manner; in the way you spoke about his work; and you did not ask him to dinner as you used to do. I am sure you pained him very much."

"I certainly do not like to cause pain to any one, as I think you are aware, my dear," answered Mr. Ormond, thoughtfully; "but he is one of those young fellows who are the better for being set down a peg now and again. His self-conceit will ruin him."

"I don't believe he is in the least bit self-conceited," she rejoined, with a slight flush on the cheeks.

The father noted the slight flush, and meditated for a few minutes before replying.

"You think so? Well, we seldom differ in opinion, you and I, but in this instance I am afraid we differ very materially. Musgrave has many excellent qualities, and at first attracted and pleased me. But of late he has been spoiled by the foolish praise of thoughtless friends, and he has not the spur of necessity to balance him."

"Why, papa, you have said, ever so often, that—I can quote your own words—'the sordid needs of life too often extinguish the sacred fire of genius, and turned a man who ought to be engaged in the production of noble works into the manufacturer of mere pot-boilers.' These are your own words, papa, and they seemed to me so fine that I learned them for quotation when occasion required. And—and the occasion has come."

She laughed merrily when this home-thrust was delivered, and he was for a moment abashed. His own eloquence confounded him.

"Gently, child, gently. You are forgetting that Musgrave is not in the position of the men to whom I referred in that speech. He has an income—small, no doubt, but sufficient to afford him leisure to attempt good work, and, so far as I can see and hear, he is not doing so."

"I am sure you are mistaken, papa," she exclaimed, with a degree of eagerness which caused Mr. Ormond to put on his glasses and examine her attentively.

"How can you tell that I am mistaken?" he asked. "You have not been to his studio, and therefore cannot have seen the careless daubs on which he is fretting away his time."

She could not hide the confusion she felt under her father's scrutiny and the consciousness that she had displayed something like vehemence in her defence of Dick Musgrave, whilst her power of self-control was not increased by hearing his pictures talked of as daubs. She tried, however, to speak quietly.

"I think, papa, you have somehow become a little prejudiced against Mr. Musgrave."

"It may be. We are all liable to such infirmities; but if I have a prejudice, he has secured in you the advocate most likely to dispel it. However, for the present, we need not continue the discussion about Mr. Musgrave's merits."

Lucie knew that the subject must be dropped as soon as she heard her father prefix Dick's name with Mr.; for it was his habit to omit that prefix when talking about anybody whom he thought worthy of being numbered amongst his friends.

She was also aware that, generous, open-hearted, and open-handed as he was, he became supremely obstinate as soon as he formed a conviction about anything. So she remained silent and a little unhappy on Dick's account.

She had intended to persuade her father to ask him even yet to meet Monsieur Brouillard; but she saw now that her persuasion would fail, and perhaps do more harm than good.

Experience taught her that by waiting patiently and leaving her father alone he would himself overcome whatever prejudice had arisen in his mind.

Dinner was a very dull affair for her. The guests had been very hastily summoned, as the great French artist was only sojourning for a couple of days in London, so that there had been no time to arrange for ladies to join the party; but the wife of one of the guests, a good-natured elderly lady, had agreed to come at a moment's notice to keep Lucie in countenance.

The conversation was animated and the jokes were good, judging by the laughter they elicited; but Lucie was heartily glad when the time came for her to retire with her friend to the drawing-room.

So long as she was present Pate Smith was unobtrusively but earnestly studying her face and noting her every movement; listening to every word she uttered with the silent rapture of a musician who hears his favorite masterpiece interpreted by the master himself.

He had no opportunity of saying much to her, but when she left the room his eyes seemed to become dull. They became bright again when, on entering the drawing-room, Lucie smiled as if glad that he had come, and made room for him on the couch where she was seated.

"I want to ask you something, Mr. Smith," she said quickly. "Papa and I have been talking about Mr. Musgrave. Can you tell me if he is engaged upon anything important?"

Pate had not the faintest suspicion of the motive which prompted the question. The pleasure which was thrilling through him in being beside her and hearing her talk so confidentially to him was too great to permit the intrusion of other thoughts. He was glad that she should ask him this question, and that he should be able to answer it.

"Yes, he is working very hard at a picture which I think will surprise people who have judged him by his affectation of easy-going ways."

"Then you do not think he is indifferent and careless?"

"Not at all, although he does his best to make us believe that he is so."

"And—and—," with a little hesitation, "do you think he will succeed?"

"I am sure of it."

"I am so pleased to hear you say that, for I believe in your judgment more than anybody else's."

Her cheeks were aglow with satisfaction, and Pate's eyes were brighter than ever before.

He was a happy man that night—so happy that he walked all the way home. He could not bear to be shut up in a cab; he wanted air and space and movement to help him to control the tumult of emotions which had arisen within him.

The night was cold, but he did not feel it; the stars were clear and bright enough to have attracted his special attention at any other time, but now he did not see them. He had no thought, no feeling, no sight for anything but the dazzling hope which had suddenly arisen like the sun bursting through clouds.

The hope had lain for a long time under heavy clouds of despondency, and the clouds had deepened as the girl grew more and more beautiful.

"I must not think of it," he said to himself over and over again. "Her father would not hear of it even if she would."

Still the hope lay hidden there, and now by one magic touch of her hand, one tender gleam of her eyes, it had sprung up all the more radiant because it had been so long obscured. Everything was transformed by its light, and he took a different view of the position of affairs.

"She is twenty—no, only nineteen—years younger than I," he mused. "Well, there are many and even more years between some of the happiest couples in the world. Ormond does not seek a wealthy match for her, and if he did he would value my reputation above a good many thousands. Yes, yes, there is hope."

He was feverish in his infatuated eagerness to clutch at straws of self-assurance.

And what had wrought this marvellous change in Pate? Till now he had patiently endured his despairing love, hiding it away from all eyes and only permitting himself to dream of what might have been, whilst owning that it never could be.

The change had been effected by the tone of her voice that night, the confidence she reposed in him, and the glow on her cheeks—signs which he utterly misconstrued. He was dreaming now, indeed, for he had lost the curb of reason. What would the awakening be?

On reaching home he threw off his outer garments to put on a warm coat, and although it was now past midnight he went out to his studio.

Having lit the lamps he placed them in a suitable position for his purpose, and opened the case in which lay his mysterious picture. The smile which was on his face, as he did this gradually faded away, and he shook his head sadly, for he was even more disappointed than he had been during the day.

"No, it is not there. Bah! out with it."

His hand moved towards his brushes, but he stopped and hastily closed the case. Having extinguished the lights, he returned to the house and went to bed.

In sleep the blissful visions hope had conjured up were continued. He and Lucie, hand in hand like happy children out for a holiday, were wandering over soft, billowy, green hills on which the sun shone so brightly that there were no shadows.

He did not think this strange, the slopes were so gentle and the light seemed to fall so straight down upon them. And in the distance there was a great white plain, and it too was shadowless. Beyond that rose hills of purple heather on which were brilliant islets of yellow broom.

There the light was brightest, and he understood that there was the haven towards which they were quietly and contentedly traveling.

A wonderful stillness in the atmosphere, a sense of infinite peace in his heart, and he knew that they would rest yonder for years and years, seeking and needing no other joy than that they found in each other.

But by-and-by he became conscious that they never spoke; and when he attempted to tell her how he liked this sunlight and silence, although he knew that his lips moved and the words were uttered, there was no sound.

Then he turned to look at her, and his heart sank, for a cloud suddenly obscured the sun. The face he saw was that of his picture, and the "Something" he had been so long striving to express was still wanting.

Shadows now crossed their path, shutting them out from the bright haven they had been approaching; shadows passed between them although they still walked hand in hand, and he cried aloud—

"Can I never get it?"

With that cry on his lips he awoke. For a moment he did not realize that he had been dreaming, as the darkness of the room represented the shadow which had so suddenly fallen upon that beautiful land of sunlight and silence he had been wandering in with Lucie.

Presently he laughed at himself. The dream had been a very pleasing one, notwithstanding its unpleasant termination.

One thing he was determined upon. He would speak to her on the first opportunity which offered itself; and he would speak to her father as soon as she gave him permission to do so.

He had been silent so long that it would be an intense relief to put his fate to the test—"to win or lose it all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN average of 48 3-10 miles per hour is the fastest time in the United States, and this is made by the Pennsylvania "limited" in its run from Jersey City to Philadelphia. The "Flying Dutchman" train is supposed to make the fastest time in the world, between London and Bristol, England—118¼ miles in less than two hours.

MRS. C.—"Doctor, you were at the last illness of my eldest boy?" Doctor—"Yes." Mrs. C.—"You also tended professionally my first husband, who died?" Doctor—"Yes." Mrs. C.—"Well, my second husband is sick, and I would like you to see him through, too."

Scientific and Useful.

GILDING.—Spots may be taken from gilding by immersing the article in a solution of alum in pure soft water. Dry with sawdust.

FIRE-CLAY.—When you have to repair your boiler furnace, and cannot get any fire-clay, take common earth mixed with water in which you have dissolved a little rock or other salt; use same as fire-clay—the furnace will last fully as long.

BRASS CASTINGS.—It is stated that sound and excellent brass castings will result if powdered glass be stirred into melted brass when in the crucibles. The glass flux collects all impurities, which rise to the top and can be skimmed off, impurities which otherwise would be poured into the mold with the metal.

POLISHING FURNITURE.—The following simple preparation will be found useful for cleaning and polishing old furniture: Over a moderate fire put a perfectly clean vessel. Into this drop two ounces of white or yellow wax. When melted, remove from the fire, and add four ounces of pure turpentine; then stir until cool, when it is ready for use. The mixture brings out the original color of the wood, adding a lustre equal to that of varnish.

IRON CHAINS.—Rolling out continuous iron chains from the solid bar without welding would seem almost impossible from a mechanical point of view, but it is stated the feat has been accomplished. Four rolls are employed and they are so arranged as to form links at right angles to each other. As the bar passes from the rolls the thin feather edge, which is left on the inside of the link, is broken and a subsequent shuffling in the tumble-barrel finishes the chain ready for market.

SOFT WATER.—We have often wondered that the softening of water for domestic uses is not more frequently practiced in private houses. The addition of a very small quantity of carbonate of soda to the water in a cistern, will remove even excessive hardness in a few hours at an almost inappreciable cost. If the cisterns are used in pairs, the white deposit from one may from time to time be removed by flushing with water while the other is in use. The troublesome furring of boilers and hot-water apparatus might be avoided in this way.

Farm and Garden.

TAR AND FRUIT.—Baskets containing tar will keep wasps out of fruit-houses.

THE MACHINERY.—Kerosene excels for softening and clearing out the hardened gum in the boxes of mowers, reapers, and other farm machinery.

REMOVING LABELS.—To remove labels from old bottles, wet the face of the label with water, and hold it for an instant over any convenient flame. The steam penetrates the label at once, and softens the paste.

TREES.—It costs very little to plant trees along the road, and when they shall reach a fair size they will add something to the value of the farm. Attractiveness is often as valuable as fertility when disposing of a farm.

EGGS.—Unclean eggs should be washed or wiped when gathered. The shells are porous, and pungent filth may penetrate them and spoil the meat. Eggs for long keeping should never be washed, only wiped.

SEED.—Seed corn for next year should always be selected from the best stalks, and none but the choicest ears and grains should be chosen. The ears should be kept thoroughly dry and hung where they will not freeze, and a damp place must be avoided.

DOGS AND SHEEP.—Shepherd dogs must be trained to be serviceable. If properly broken when young they will not only save labor but also protect the sheep. A good dog should be taught to go with the sheep, remain with them, and bring them to the barn at night.

PIGS.—Pigs must be cared for in bad weather or else you can't expect much of them. They should have warm, dry beds to sleep in; if you cannot get anything better good dry straw will do to make their beds of, but leaves are much better. Sleeping in straw, especially if the straw be wet, will give them the mange.

STUMPS AND GAS.—In Sweden the roots and stumps of trees remaining after a wood has been cut down, are being used for the production of illuminating gas by dry distillation. Other products, such as turpentine, creosote, acetic acid, and tar, are also obtained. It is reported that this new industry promises to become very important.

MUCK.—For fertilizing purposes muck should be thrown out of bed in the fall or winter and allowed to weather and become fine and dry before being used. A rich, alluvial soil might be as good as swamp muck. Both vary exceedingly in their fertilizing qualities. Use dry muck as an absorbent in the stable or compost, bone and ashes with it, or manure fertilizer of some kind. Spread this on your light soil and get it into clover. Plow that under and you will get the land in fair condition for any crop.

"No, sir," exclaimed a Socialist, as he closed a big book that he had been studying for some time; "it's just as I said! The word 'pneumonia' is imported. I've looked all through the N's in the dictionary.

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Life Without Faith.

It is thought the safest mode of advancing in the journey of life to follow the footsteps of others, who, from pre-eminence of rank and reputed abilities, may be supposed to possess the least fallible knowledge. To derive instruction from books, time, attention and judgment are necessary, but to tread where others have trodden before, little more direction is required than to use the eyes.

The greater number therefore, from mere indolence, give themselves no farther concern in settling their moral and religious conduct than to observe the behavior and sentiments of those to whom wealth and civil honors have given a superiority of condition.

But, unhappily, many of those who are thus selected as models for imitation are themselves under the influence of the most fatal delusion. They have arrived at the pre-eminence which gives them the authority of guides by pursuing those objects which are merely secular, and the artful pursuit of which constitutes them truly men of the world; who, instead of being guides to happiness, might often be considered as beacons, rendered conspicuous, to admonish the traveler of danger in the vicinity.

There cannot be a more pernicious mistake than to suppose wisdom or right conduct the necessary attendant of splendor of appearance and elevation of rank, and, in consequence of so weak an opinion, to follow the example of the rich and great in affairs which essentially concern the happiness or misery of life. To renounce religion, conscience and peace because some prominent people renounce or neglect them, deserves to be stigmatized by a harsher name than folly.

Truth is immutable. Whether the majority is for or against her, she remains unaltered. Let all, therefore, who seriously wish to reach as much happiness and perfection as they are capable of, employ their reason with humility and patience in the pursuit of her; and when they have found her, which on faithful inquiry they will easily do, let them follow her guidance with a firm attachment, unaffected by the false though brilliant lights of unfaith.

Too much precaution, moreover, cannot be used in guarding all who hope to be proficients in Christian philosophy against that influence, which seduces more to vice, folly and infidelity than even the most ingenious sceptics—the influence of grandeur and worldly power operating on the thoughtless by a bad example.

"I pay my debts; I take care to injure no body; I amuse myself as I like without intruding on the amusements of others; I am temperate, for I find temperance conducive to health, comfort and long life; I am an obliging neighbor, a constant friend, a peaceable subject; but, after all, I am without religious faith. Can I be easy without religion?"

Such is the soliloquy of many a man who maintains a decent character in society, and at the same time values himself in a freedom from what he calls the shackles of superstition. But virtue without religion, since Christianity has appeared, is certainly of a questionable kind. The voluntary renunciation of a religion like the Christian is at first sight a circumstance sufficient to render any virtue suspected. A truly good mind will not easily relinquish its hopes, its consolations, its friendly influence on human happiness and society. So there is great reason to suspect, from the very pretension to morality without religion, that the virtue of the pretender is defective and spurious.

Such virtue, though specious in appearance, will be found, when duly analyzed, nothing but pride; a vice the most repugnant to real goodness, the source of injustice to man and impiety to God, of every vanity and of every folly, and a vice against which the displeasure of Heaven is particularly pointed.

Many causes of a worldly kind concur to make men adopt the appearance, and even the practice of many virtues. Reputation is in general necessary to success in the projects of ambition and avarice. A man is often temperate and just because the character of intemperance and injustice would retard his advancement, or injure his interest; or because his habits of virtue have been early formed by the care of parents and the influence of example; or because he is little exposed to temptation, or is secured from many vices by constitutional aversion, indifference or infirmity.

This irreligious virtue is in most instances little to be depended upon; for, as it respects nothing but this world, and the opinion of man, whenever the interests of this world can be served, or the opinions of others secured by secrecy, there remains little to preserve it inviolate.

Man is so weak, and so prone to fall into vice and misery, that it is certainly unsafe to resolve to walk without guidance and protection, when both are offered by an Almighty arm.

Whatever sophists, philosophers, metaphysicians and witlings may say on virtue being its own reward, on the fitness of things, and on many refined subjects totally unintelligible, and totally unregarded by the majority of mankind, it is recommended to all to strengthen the force of virtue by erecting round her the ramparts of religion.

How often do we hear the expression, "Neglected opportunities!" Like most pregnant phrases, these words, by the wonderful association of ideas, remind different individuals of different circumstances. The orator thinks of the skilful turn he might have given to the question put to him during a debate, but the opportunity passed by; the surgeon thinks of the patient upon whom an operation might have been successful, but he hesitated, doubted, perhaps mistrusted his own power, and went on waiting until it was "too late;" the barrister remembers cases which would have been won for his clients, but some of the most important testimony was not forthcoming when wanted; the merchant is reminded of the speculation which proved disastrous because the time when he embarked in it was not opportune. Opportunities present themselves daily if we only watch for them; but many permit them to pass away because they lack that decision of character and promptitude of action which are essential to success—or if they do act it is too late.

Alas! how thoughtless and wicked we sometimes are, preparing for ourselves misery in future years, simply because we are so heedless now! By careless words we sow the seeds of estrangement and bitterness, for which we may repent in after days, when the grave has parted us from the friends we have wronged; or even in this world, when it is too late to repair the mischief and win back the hearts we have alienated. Can we not be wise in time and study our unconscious faults, so that we may utter only the words of a true love and our speech may be always with grace?

No emotion is wholly wrong or base, or without some mission to fulfil, and anger is no exception. It is originally the natural and wholesome protest of our nature against injustice of every kind. It matters not that selfishness wrests it from other service than her own, or that the absence of self-control suffers it to rage in mad violence and to become the source of untold crimes and sorrows. Its primary object is to serve, not to thwart, the cause of justice. Paul evidently had this idea when he uttered the remarkable words: "Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath." And we are all ready to admit that a man destitute of the capacity of anger would also be destitute of some manly characteristics.

Nearly every intelligent youth knows something of his own bias. He knows whether he is inclined to be hasty or phlegmatic, idle or diligent, frugal or extravagant, selfish or generous. If, according to this knowledge, he will cultivate assiduously those qualities in which he is deficient, seeking opportunity for their exercise and resolutely bringing them to the front whenever they fall into the rear, he will acquire an ever-increasing power of self-control that will go far towards establishing and strengthening a well-balanced and harmonious character.

There is always room for suspicion when conscientiousness is made a boast of, or when it assumes an absolute and imperious tone, or when it interferes with the liberty of some one else. Youth, inexperience and ignorance are specially exposed to this danger. Needing the most modesty, they often have the least. Increasing knowledge and wisdom tone down conceit, lessen positiveness, and open the mind to fairer and broader views.

Advice must be desired and sought. Let every would-be adviser remember that, however excellent his counsel may be, if given unasked, it is, with rare exceptions, thrown away. The advice given by the physician and the lawyer is not only sought, but paid for, and it is usually more faithfully followed than any other. Whatever is worth having is certainly worth asking for, and self-respect, as well as good judgment, will withhold it until then.

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentleness; whilst others, it may be much less gifted, make their way easily and steadily, and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity and self-control.

Life needs for its happiness, and character for its stability, a definite aim, energetically and regularly pursued. Whatever monotony there is in that is itself an element of happiness which men cannot afford to do without. It gives security, confidence and trust in themselves and in each other. It gives zest to life and makes relaxation possible and pleasurable.

We need to learn the lesson that this life is given us only that we may attain to eternal life. For lack of remembering this, we fix our affections on the things of this fleeting world, and when the time comes that we must quit it we are aghast and terrified.

There is one furnace that melts all hearts—love; there is one balm that soothes all pain—patience; there is one medicine that cures all ills—time; there is one peace that ends all strife—death; there is one light that illuminates all darkness—hope.

Knowledge and good parts, managed by grace, are like the rod in Moses' hand, wonder-workers; but turn to serpents when they are cast upon the ground and employed in promoting wicked designs.

Do what you are doing while you are about it, and let other things wait. Think on what you are thinking, and, until you have thought it out or dropped the subject, bar the mind against other topics.

Fortitude is the guard and support of the other virtues; and without courage a man will scarce keep steady to his duty and fill up the character of a truly worthy man.

The World's Happenings.

There are 60,000 colored Knights of Labor.

The Emperor of China's wife's name is Kan Di.

Bricklayers at Los Angeles, Cal., are getting $6 per day.

Chicago claims to be the third largest city in the country.

Calaveras county, Cal., has a 50-acre colony of Japanese farmers.

By a new process a thousand shades of color can be printed at once.

The compulsory trousers wearing law is now in full force in Jalisco, Mexico.

A public office is a public trust. The official dog catcher at Erie is being investigated.

Electricity has been found to travel 288,000 miles per second under favorable circumstances.

A new opera house at Pittsburg has a pair of opera glasses attached to each parquet chair by a gilt chain.

The widow of an editor in Shawnee, O., still conducts the paper, and says that her husband's spirit directs her.

It is said that the Czar of Russia has a photograph album containing pictures of all the men who have tried to kill him.

It has been proposed that the jinrikisha, the Japanese carriage pulled by a man, shall be introduced into London streets.

Propositions to make Constitution Day (Sept. 17) a new national holiday are published in different parts of the country.

In the office desk of a cancer doctor of Watertown, Conn., who died recently, were found $8,000 in coin and about $4,000 in bank notes.

A fancy of the day is a clock incased in a representation of a baseball, covered with white leather. The dial is in a cut section of the ball.

A woman, Mrs. Bittenbender, is contesting for a seat on the Supreme Bench of Nebraska. She is said to be the only female lawyer in the State.

A suit for the recovery of $600 won from the defendant at pinochle (a game with cards) and which the defendant refused to pay, has been instituted in New York.

Dona Isadora Consino, a Chilian lady, expects to visit New York about December 1. She is something of a beauty, is a widow of 40 years, and is worth $200,000,000.

"Charlie Lee," a New Haven Chinaman, was married recently to a daughter of the late Rev. Amos Beeman, one of Connecticut's most famous colored preachers.

Congressman W. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, recently made President Cleveland a present of 10,000 Havana cigars. There were 10 different sizes of cigars, 1000 of each size.

On the steamship Alaska, which arrived at New York recently, two pairs of lace curtains were found traveling as petticoats, and a piece of silk dress goods doing service as a bustle.

William Dresback, of San Francisco, is the latest young "Napoleon of finance." He tried to buy all the wheat in the country, and the results are: Liabilities, $7,000,000; cash assets, $278.46.

A North Branch, Mich., hotel dog takes a bell in his mouth each morning and rings at every door along the hall, and, failing to get a response, bangs the bell against the door until he does get it.

In Brown county, Ill., there is a farmer nearly 88 years old who has never seen a piano, has never been within 10 miles of a railway, never wore a collar or necktie, and never had on a pair of socks.

A Titusville, Fla., man was out watching his melon patch one night recently, when he heard a rustling in his orange grove near by and fired, bringing down his mother-in-law. He is under arrest.

It is a pity to spoil so good a gustatory tidbit as the grape, but they say that it "has worms." If the skin shall show a brown spot the pulp will contain a small white worm; so don't eat a grape with a brown spot on it.

A California millionaire, who died not long ago, bequeathed $1,000,000 to the two daughters of a lawyer at Nashville, Tenn., as a testimonial of gratitude to the lawyer, who loaned him $100 when he first went to California and was greatly in need of funds.

Woman suffrage does not appear to increase in popularity in Boston, where women can vote at school elections if they desire to do so. In that city the total number of registered female voters in 1885 was 2235; in 1886 it fell to 1193, and this year it has dropped to 463.

A prisoner before a California Court lately, on the charge of murder, was permitted to retire in company with a deputy sheriff to a neighboring saloon while the jury was deliberating. He is said to have returned intoxicated, and in this condition heard the verdict of manslaughter passed upon him.

The following is a list of the heaviest hammers in Europe from an historical point of view: Fr. Krupp, Essen, 1857, 40 tons; Terni Works, Italy, 1873, 30 tons; Creusot, France, 1877, 60 tons; Cockerill, Belgium, 1885, 100 tons; Fr. Krupp, Essen, 1887, 150 tons. The last is now the heaviest steam hammer in the world.

A bootblack, Jack O'Hara, who has had a monopoly of his business at the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, has made application for admission to its membership. A despatch says: "He lost both legs in an accident five or six years ago. He has accumulated considerable property and wants to be put on a commercial level with his customers."

In color the Fiftieth Congress will be a little mixed, as it will contain White, Brown and Gray. As to temper and disposition there will be a great variety, as one member is Gay, another Bland, another Crisp, and another Wise. In the matter of provisions it will be well off, for it will have Oats, Rice, Bacon, Hogg and Berry, to say nothing of a very large Cobb. One member is Long and another is Hale.

ALL THE SAME.

BY E. R. WEATHERLEY.

They met, when they were girl and boy,
  Going to school one day,
And, "Won't you take my peg-top, dear?"
  Was all that he could say.
She bit her little pinafore,
  Close to his side she came;
She whispered, "No! no, thank you, Tom,"
  But took it all the same.

They met one day the self-same way,
  When ten swift years had flown;
He said, "I've nothing but my heart,
  But that is yours alone.
And won't you take my heart?" he said,
  And called her by her name.
She blushed and said, "No, thank you, Tom,"
  But took it all the same.

And twenty, thirty, forty years
  Have brought them care and joy;
She has the little peg-top still
  He gave her when a boy.
"I've had no wealth, sweet wife," says he,
  "I've never brought you fame."
She whispers, "No! no, thank you, Tom,
  You've loved me all the same!"

Ten of Us.

BY M. L. NIXON.

"WHY, you are the ugliest mug in your mother's china shop!" It was an old friend of my father's who thus gave his opinion of me.

Such a verdict! There were ten of us Seymour girls; five of us were very ordinary as to looks, and five of us were beauties. I, Effie, was always considered the beauty of the beauties.

The speech came back upon my memory one afternoon as I lay at ease upon a stack of sweet-scented hay, and it pleased me no better then than it did the day it was uttered, more than two years ago, when I was but fifteen years old.

"Perhaps," I thought wistfully, "I was out at elbows, like most overgrown schoolgirls; but no," with happy and assured conceit, "I never could have looked 'gawky,' or had a really ugly age."

If the man who had so deeply offended my pride had been a mere country clodhopper, like the squires hereabout, it is probable that his words would have been forgotten long ago; but I was well aware that Major Chambers was one who loved beauty, and really understood it, so, coming from him, the words stayed in my memory and stung me.

There lay I, my straw sailor hat comfortably tipped over my pert, retrousse nose, about the only shade from the rays of the sun with which I had troubled to provide myself. I was a perfect salamander, every one used to say.

How nice it was to lie listening to all the sounds of village life, away there in the distance, to be for once of the living yet not among them! Not that I as a rule loved solitude. On the contrary, I had begun to feel uncommonly tired of the quiet life we led at the Manor House, near Ashbury, where I was on a long visit to my three aunts; two of whom were cranky, croaky virgins; the third, a married woman, dependent with her husband, more or less, on the maiden sisters' bounty.

Within a radius of eight miles there was not another house containing "the gentry," as the simply-spoken village folk called us. True, there were the usual run of gentlemen farmers round about at rare distances; but my aunts were nothing if not exclusive, so during the three weeks I had already passed with them, out of the two months' visit for which I was staying, literally nothing had come to disturb the even tenor of our way.

The greatest hilarity at lunch, for instance, would be the advent of a wasp, probably chased from table to window by Aunt Sarah, and there done to death; while the other maiden, Emma, would glare rigidly before her and gently cough, as though to remind dear Sarah that any extreme haste was quite indecorous in a lady of her age and status.

My uncle by marriage used certainly to minister to my mirth, though he, poor simple heart, was the only one for whom I felt any great interest in that wide, empty house. He was a very small man, with a delicate eager face, adorned with mutton-chop whiskers inclining to gray.

He had been unfortunate in speculation some ten years back, hence his dependent position.

I think as regards his stature that he looked less than his size, from the fact that he was so overtopped by his huge wife.

Small men seem to me often endowed with a vast courage, denied to larger creatures of their kind. They so usually marry the Gorgon of the family.

How much better mated had he been with either of the maiden sisters; for they, though acid by nature, had the forms of pocket Venuses, in comparison with Mrs. William Durham.

As things stood, it inspired even me with dread to hear her say in tones not to be denied:

"William, come here; I will have your arm." I used to catch myself watching for his speedy collapse under that giant weight. It seemed so far more natural that he should have leaned upon her.

Yet theirs had been, goodness knows how many years ago, a love match; since when, I used to think, both of them must have grown in opposite directions, he earthwards, and she, though not heavenwards in one sense, still higher and larger.

The three aunts evidently thought he had softening of the brain, he was always so palpably ignored, while to an unobservant eye he always appeared filled with admiration as to his wife's cleverness.

"Wonderful woman, your aunt!" he would say, sidling up to me crabwise; "her brain power—prodigious!"

"Prodigious woman, altogether," thought I, though of course I did not say so.

That very afternoon, the latter part of which had found me on my haystack, the arrival at a shooting-box not a mile up the road of Major Chambers and his son, having been discussed by my aunts at luncheon, had made the speech of the father ring again on my ear; and I, with the unwisdom of youth, was eager for the fray, and ready to be extremely uncivil to the innocent son, and the offending parent too, if I dared. They were expected that day, about five o'clock, and my youngest aunt, Sarah, had impressed upon me the necessity of my return to the house about that hour.

The time, however, had gone past and I was still upon my hay, in a rumpled-up frock which had not been improved by raids on raspberry and currant bushes.

I turned it over in my mind whether I would obey at all, or if I did go in whether I would not appear in my soiled raiment, and give the delicate organization of Major Chambers another and more cruel shock.

But the thought of Aunt Emma's withering look of disapproval, together with a frightful noise she had the habit of making when annoyed—impossible to describe on paper, but caused by the set teeth and drawn-back muscles of her mouth, combined with a long intake of breath—decided me.

"Death or victory!" I cried, hoyden that I was, as I tumbled off my hay and rushed into the house, avoiding the windows looking out upon the grounds, and in such haste that I very nearly overturned the one venerable indoor man-servant of which the Manor House could boast as he stood just without his pantry, giving a final polish to his well-rubbed silver.

"Oh my, Miss Effie," quoth Griggs reproachfully, "I'm none so strong as I was, and you come along like a young tempest."

"Oh! never mind, Griggs—good Griggs," in haste from me. "Have they come? Now do not say, 'Who come, Miss?' just to keep me waiting."

"You've no call, Miss Effie," said Griggs, carefully re-wiping the last spoon after admiring his own visage in it both length and breadth ways, "to say I am fain to tell lies; if I say there is company here, why there is; if I say 'no,' why so it is. To answer your question now, Miss——"

"Well," eagerly from me.

"You did not give me time, Miss, and I said never a word either way."

"Griggs," I cried stamping, "you have been drinking. Have my aunts any one in the drawing-room?"

"Major Chambers, Miss, and Mr. Basil Chambers," with a cold, derisive glance at my untidiness, as if to say, "You'd never enter that sacred room in such a state."

Griggs always reminded me of the ugliest of gargoyles over ancient church doors. Venerable servants in a humdrum household always are antagonistic to a rising generation.

He gravely held the red baize door leading into the hall, as though to intimate that young ladies should remember to which side of the house they belonged, and never invade servants' premises, and I passed through it and up the stairs, taking as many at a bound as my lithe young limbs allowed. Arrived in my room I quickly donned a fresh and neatly-made lavender muslin, out of which my bright carnation cheeks made a vivid spot of color.

As my hand touched the drawing-room door I felt a regret that I had not worn something to my mind more "grown up," and in which, to use my own slang expression, I should have felt more capable, if necessary, of "sitting upon them," that is to say, of impressing my overpowering dignity upon both father and son. I did not feel very dignified as I walked down the length of the old and darkened room, at the far end of which the party were all sitting, and where Aunt Emma presented me to the newly arrived.

After which I subsided into a seat, and whilst sipping my cup of boiling tea, and wishing it were but anything else that scorching day, and thinking that iced lemonade would be worth in reality more than its fluid weight in gold, I suddenly had my attention diverted by a cold glare from the Gorgon, directed at poor Uncle William, who on meeting her eyes immediately tipped his cup till the liquid it contained dribbled over to the satin cushion, and from thence with a splash fell to the Turkey rug between his feet.

"My dear!" in a shaky voice, and righting the cup in a hurry.

"I did not speak," from the Gorgon, whose face had now become stony enough to be a treasure to any geologist.

"I thought——" murmured the hapless little man getting hotter and hotter, and spilling more tea.

"And I thought," quoth his bigger half, "that you had an engagement about those osier beds! Come, you have no time to lose."

"My dear," said he, putting down his cup in haste, the contents of which he certainly had not tasted, "so I have—you remind me—I am off—I am off like a shot." Which usually meant that he remained quite ten minutes or so, repeating his last words, whilst he gently rubbed the back of one hand caressingly with the palm of the other, and not leaving till an access of wrath and sarcasm from the three sisters fell upon his devoted head.

In the present instance I think he was glad to get away so that he only said it once more and really did go. Then my eyes fell on Aunt Sarah, who by far the most juvenile, in manner at least, of these three graces, was almost if not quite flirting with Major Chambers.

"A really fine face his," I thought; "I must move a little in a moment and have a look at the son."

He was sitting so far at the side of me in the shadow that I even began lazily to think if my curiosity would be sufficiently recompensed for turning on this hot day, when his chair was suddenly drawn up level with my own, and "Delightful custom, afternoon tea, Miss Seymour," was said in my ear.

"Really," said I rather supercilliously, "I thought London men always called it 'cat-lap,' and enjoyed B. and S. at their clubs at five o'clock."

"You do men a cruel injustice, even London men, I assure you," with a frank laugh which made his father look up from under his beetling brows as though to say, "So you have got a word out of that brown-faced chit at last;" but of course that was my own idea solely. I had heard these two men made the whole world for one another, and were more like old chosen friends than aught else.

The son just under thirty, the father at the outside not fifty-three, and a widower. Both fine, well set up men-about-town in appearance, with the preference given to Mr. Chambers, in that the sarcastic lines apparent in both faces were in him lined down and softened by a tenderness which did not show itself in the major's face.

Then the father, freeing himself by a mighty effort from the fascinations of Aunt Sarah, who was in very truth more of a witch than he guessed, proposed a walk around the grounds, of the improvements in which he declared he had seen nothing since his last visit there three years back.

"Just a year, you monster," thought I, "before you made that rude speech to me."

* * * * * *

"You and my father have met before?" asked my companion, as we followed the others out of the French window, and as though pursuing my thought.

"Yes," candidly, "once of course at my christening, as he is my godfather. And once two years back; but really we did not get on particularly well on either occasion."

"Not?" quizzically, as who should say, The fault must have been yours, you unruly-looking child. "Why, my father is absolutely an angel; a ringdove is a veritable fiend in comparison with him."

"He may be all that to you," viciously, and, like the goose that I was, with my heart upon my sleeve; "but I can assure you he was absolutely insulting to me."

"Good heavens!" from his son; "what deed can my unfortunate parent have perpetrated, or what have said, that he should be thus accused?" raising his voice so high at the last word that the Gorgon and Aunt Sarah, who came next in the procession, turned in wonder as to what topic we might possibly have reached.

"Ah!" mischievously as he saw my face of dismay, "so the aunts do not know of your passage of arms with my revered father? Now will you tell me his offence, or shall I find it out from the dad himself?"

"Absurd!" murmured I, reaching for a white rose hanging high overhead; "he would not even remember it. It was nothing—and it was years ago."

"Two years ago last June my father was in Shropshire," corrected Basil, breaking the rose from amid its fellows for me. "I remember he said he had had the felicity of seeing your father and his ten olive branches, who taken collectively were a lovely set."

"Taken individually, then, he thought us remarkably the other thing," I said angrily; "for he told me I was the ugliest of the whole crew."

"What!" in horror, "it is not possible. Oh, you must be joking; my father is most awfully civil, always, but to say that—, and to you of all others. Why, witness this afternoon; don't you think the dear old fellow would rather be in my shoes than leading the van with your aunt? Yet see how jolly he looks," nodding to where his father's shapely head might be seen in close proximity to the staid Emma's semi-fawn, semi-grey, dye-experimented headpiece.

My best wish for him at that moment was that he might be tied to my aunt for life, and so be well punished for that one careless speech; but even as the thought came and went, another struck me that I was already on too familiar terms with Mr. Basil Chambers.

So I drew myself up with dignity, and the path here widening out, two of the aunts stopped at a gate, while we joined the Major and Aunt Sarah, and walked all four abreast over the daisy-besprinkled meadows. Coming to a little coppice, I had again, however, to fall back on my cavalier, on account of the narrowness of the path between the fir trees, and he instantly took the topic up where he had dropped it.

"Now do tell me, Miss Seymour; did my father really say such an awful thing? It really is utterly unlike him."

"He said something very much worse and far more vulgar," said I; "but I should hate him to know I had even given it a thought."

"I vow," he persisted eagerly, "that I will not even mention what you say if you will but tell me. It is such a new and delightful thing for the dear dad to put his foot into such a hole. Now I, on the other hand, am always in some scrape. Well?"

"I was just home from school at Coblentz," I answered fretfully, "and my father, after introducing me to yours, said playfully, 'This, Chambers, is the flower of our little flock;' whereupon Major Chambers put his fingers under my chin and looking critically at me exclaimed, 'Why, you are the ugliest mug in your mother's china shop.' And, really, you know——"

"And really," Basil Chambers continued for me, amid a burst of exasperating laughter, "you mean our own family physiognomy is not so utterly correct that he can afford to criticise with any sense of propriety other people's——mugs, eh?"

"I did not say that," vexedly from me, for I had no wish to quarrel with young Chambers after all.

"I am quite sure," said this son of a fascinating father, "that you'd never be so cruel as to visit the sins of parents on their unoffending posterity, so you and I at least must be good friends."

And really, when we had gone the rounds and got back to the house, in front of which we found a tandem trap from Coxhill awaiting the two men, it was with unfeigned regret that he and I parted until the following day, for which my aunts had accepted an invitation to luncheon and to look over their bachelor's box, which by the twelfth would be full of their men friends.

The next day broke fresh and fair, with a blue sky, flecked here and there with the white feathery clouds one loves to see if a day's pleasure is in prospect. I was up soon after seven, and away in the fields, where the hard-toiling laborers had been at work since five of the clock.

The stolidity of the country folk round about us appeared to me quite unsurpassed.

As at breakfast time I passed near the house, my hands full of plunder from the hedges, of ox-eyed daisies and simplest wood anemones, I saw one of the gardeners hard at work by his potting shed.

His wife had just come out of a serious

illness, and while stopping to ask how she did, I said she at least ought to be spared any extra labor, and stay quietly at home with her bairns, for I heard he had been trying to procure for her the place that was at the Manor House left vacant by the cook's marriage."

He listened quietly, but at the end merely touched his cap and said, "Oh, the woman must work, Miss, whatever."

I had made no impression on him in behalf of his poor help-meet.

He had a lodge rent free, and good wages; but I heard at breakfast that he was a Welshman, which to my mind accounted for his eager desire to get all that lay within, or indeed, where feasible, beyond his grasp. For money-getting, crafty men, of hitherto unsounded depths of meanness of character, commend me to some Welshmen.

Before midday we were on our way to Cox Hill, a bare little box of a place, but large enough to house a comfortable number for shooting. There was a good tennis level, with one or two good trees. Under their shade Major Chambers reclined in a long low chair, which to an observant eye looked infinitely more cosy than any one of the other seats, placed near a rustic table on which were the most delightfully refreshing draughts, iced ready for our parched and thirsty throats. I think the Major saw the envious eyes I cast at his low tennis seat.

"Do you like very low chairs, Miss Seymour?" courteously jumping up to offer his own pet lounge. "Do try it; I had it specially designed; you will find it so comfortable. Ah!——" for I had certainly allowed for its being a very low seat, but hardly enough, it appeared, for horror and indignation covered me as I sank down with a most inelegant bump, which placed the netting on the very ground, and then it seemed to spring up three or four inches, whilst the arms closed over me, preventing my escape, though I struggled like an eel, and without a doubt looked unutterably foolish. The son rushed to my assistance, and in a moment I was extricated, while Major Chambers, with not the ghost of a smile, protested I should really like the chair on a further acquaintance, but added teasingly, "If young ladies will bounce into seats of that description, a horrible catastrophe is sure to follow."

"Never again," I thought; "all 'things are not what they seem.'"

I did not like him a bit the better for that little episode, you may be sure; he ought at least to have cautioned me.

Basil and I, however, got on like a house on fire. We became quite confidential.

I think he rather felt for me in regard to my life as passed at the Manor House. I am afraid, during the course of the afternoon, that we even discussed the life the Gorgon led poor Uncle William.

"By Jove!" said Basil in confidence to me, "I should never have given the old boy credit for such sagacity; but he had a very pretty woman walking with him yesterday. We drove past them, you know, as he returned from the osier beds."

"Osier beds!" derisively, "my aunt is always fancying engagements for him; but the idea that Uncle Will should talk to any one outside his gates is too absurd. You do not know my aunt; she would look him up, I do believe. You must be mistaken."

"No mistake at all; but what a funny couple they are! He does look awfully led by the nose, poor beggar."

"You may well say so; why, his very clothes, for the most part, are made by the housemaid; and he is made to eat salt butter, whilst fresh is upon the table. 'William,' my aunt will say, 'you know you prefer salt butter;' or, 'William, you do not drink port;' or perhaps, 'William, so and so is bad for you; Griggs, remove your master's plate,' just after he has helped himself plentifully to something the poor dear fancies."

"Ye gods, is it possible! 'To what base uses are we fallen.' By the by, I really and truly noticed a great, a very great, family resemblance in you to the Gorgon when you tried to mimic the awe-inspiring tones of Mrs. William."

"Horrid!" cried I, jumping up from my grassy seat, "you and your father are abominably personal."

"Oh! come now," from Basil, "you really do malign my father. I asked him, driving back yesterday, if your sisters were all as pretty as you are; he answered, 'By no means,' but that two years ago you were a most horridly spoiled and conceited little girl, and needed no end of snubbing, so I gather that he said in fun, and to nettle you, what you took in sad and sober earnest. Shall I ask him?"

"If you do," I said threateningly, and really going this time, "understand, I will never forgive you—traitor!"

* * * * * *

These days were but the first of many a meeting; a fortnight passed, and I had begun to tease Basil by telling him he was certainly destined to find a stepmother in Aunt Sarah, or we should never see so much of them. "I am not afraid of that," he assured me; "but I am getting horribly jealous of my father, I allow."

"How is that?" I asked; "are you entering my aunt's lists also?"

"You know what I mean," he answered, "you little puss, fencing like that; you and my father get on swimmingly now, only just because I appeased your vanity, little wretch."

"A beautiful wretch, if you please," said I, conceitedly tossing my head.

"Well," regarding me with critical eyes, "if you will have it so you must, though of course it never struck me in that light before; however, we will leave it so, if you will allow that you do care for me a wee bit more than you did for my father when we first arrived. Eh, my darling?"

From which it may be gathered that we had become pretty intimate, and that it was indeed a mere question of days as to when our engagement should be formally declared.

The aunts' congratulations were quite characteristic.

Aunt Sarah gushed effusively; I am sure she quite intended to be my step-mamma-in-law.

The Gorgon said that people who became affianced after a three weeks' acquaintance did not usually take long before breaking off the contract.

Aunt Emma looked sour, and asked me whether she was to condole with or congratulate me. To which I replied pertly that to me it was a matter of the purest indifference; did she expect me to wait for a duke?

Uncle Will wrung my lover's hand, and whilst the tears brimmed in his kind eyes, said I was a dear girl and sure to make Basil happy.

He seemed to think the one drawback to our marriage lay in the existence of my woeful number of sisters.

"I assure you," he told Basil privately and as gravely as a judge, or rather, more with the gravity of the prisoner who is already fitted with his own halter—"I assure you, you will find a wife's relatives no joke. Mine has only two sisters, yet pity me! yours, my dear fellow, will have nine, and," the little man wound up oracularly, "kissing a wife's sisters is like eating veal without ham."

And then came the twelfth—Basil quite deserted the shooting parties, whilst he declared he did not miss them one bit, and I think if a good shot and a true sportsman will give up his gun with never a sigh, he must be a very ardent lover indeed, do not you?

The golden summer days, happy days, passed languorously away, and I returned home to the bosom of my family for the last time as Miss Seymour. I had a whole delightful month of trousseau-buying, and then chill November saw me united to the son of the author of my childish grievance. The three aunts arrived for the wedding, and, as a male adjunct, Uncle William. I think Aunt Sarah still thought Major Chambers a likely bird to be brought down by her unerring aim. I mentioned as much to Basil that last week at home.

"Thank God, no," he said, "my dear dad buried all that in my mother's grave," and he reverently raised his hat.

"My dear little woman," Major Chambers had said to me, "I am more than happy that Basil has set his affections upon one who is, I believe, quite worthy of them. That is my highest praise, and this, my pet, a humble offering from the only man, probably, who never paid you a compliment," presenting a leather case which proved to contain some lovely jewels of his dead wife's.

"I shall value your flattery all the more, sir, when I do receive it," said I pertly; and thus he made me happy, and the deadly breach was filled.

The wedding went off with less painful excitement than usually attends such ceremonies.

I detest a bride who weeps copiously and has too evidently been well watered with the family tears, and the last glimpse of whom is a limp figure, with over-brimming eyes and a red nose.

Such a poor compliment to the man of her choice, I always think; so my sisters, six of whom were to be my bridesmaids, were forbidden to drop one tear to the memory of my maiden existence under dread of my eternal disfavor.

The breakfast began by being dreary, but ended in hilarity, the girls getting much fun out of the Gorgon and her little ways with her lord and master.

"Does she always go on like this?" said Amy to me, who had never before been at close quarters with this masterful woman.

She was harder upon him than ever, even I noticed, preoccupied as I was. In the few moments that found me disengaged at one end of the long drawing-room, Uncle Will pressed forward eagerly, and took both my hands.

"God bless you, my dear, wherever you may be; and though we may never meet again," he said in sudden jerks, "do not forget me quite, Effie; I am not so foolish and wrong-hearted as I am made out. No one is, my dear; no one is. Avoid your first quarrel; believe me, a continual dropping wears away a stone, even a stone."

He stopped spasmodically, like a clock that has been suddenly relieved of its pendulum, for, with a lowering brow, there close at hand stood the Gorgon.

"Perhaps you will not monopolize the attention of the person of greatest importance to-day any longer, William," in her most acid tones, and with emphasis as to its being my first and last appearance as a person of importance.

"Certainly not, my dear," with a real shiver; "I am off—like a shot."

"Dear Uncle Will," said I, detaining him, "I hope we shall meet again very soon. Promise you will come and stay with us in town next spring."

"Such nonsense," growled my aunt; "one would think we were all going to live at the four corners of the earth." Then came the leave-taking, always painful; but my worst difficulty was a ludicrous one, and lay with the clergyman who had married us.

A Churchman of an advanced type, he was one of whom I stood considerably in awe, although I knew him but slightly, and he looked so grim that I felt nervously impelled to be extra polite, and it is still a standing joke with Basil and among my sisters against me that I actually tendered him warm thanks for having successfully performed the ceremony which made us one.

Of course that was a base exaggeration on their part.

We little thought as, amongst those who crowded the doorway and terrace to see us drive away, we saw the kind face of Uncle Will, how we should never feel his warm hand clasp or know his affectionate greeting again.

For a week later a terrible thing occurred, the tidings of which saddened all my pleasure trip, away under blue and foreign skies with Basil.

The floods had been out in the lower-lying ground about Ashbury that damp November. Uncle Will, out with his retrievers one late afternoon, had heard a child's shrill cry of terror, and, so it was thought afterwards, he had scrambled over a hedge, and found as he expected a small child of three years above its waist in the cold grey waters, too terrified to make for land, where no help stood, but only two or three other children, as frightened and as small as itself. The yielding, boggy land every instant gave way under the little feet, and, alas! under the firmer ones speeding to their help!

Uncle Will was found hours later, a sad wound behind his ear, lying beyond the water on the chill, damp field.

The dogs had saved the babe, and drawn their master out on to the bank. They could do nothing then but stay by him and howl in their frantic distress for him whom they loved. Laborers came and the worst was soon known.

His heavy fall, on a jagged piece of rock, must have rendered him lastingly unconscious, if it had not killed him instantly, medical authority said. He was laid in a quiet grave, in the tiny churchyard at Ashbury, a grave kept bright with flowers by many loving village hands, who had received goodness from his own, and visited by Mrs. William, with more tender feeling for the dead than she had ever vouchsafed to the living.

Alas! it is they alone who need our care. It is Washington Irving who said most truly of the grave, that "it buries every error, extinguishes every resentment, covers every defect. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets, and tender recollections. . . . Then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing."

Life and Death.

BY S. L.

FOR three days I had gazed anxiously from my study-window at the closed blinds and unopened door of the gloomy, tomb-like, old brick house opposite.

For three days I had watched for the old Doctor to issue forth from his den on that regular hurried twilight walk on the common, in which his fixed and vacant eyes, his nervously-working fingers, and muttered words, which he yet seemed jealously afraid of being overheard, always attracted the wondering and awe-stricken attention of the passer-by.

For the Doctor was regarded by the ignorant of the town in the light of a magician; and there were rumors current of his bringing the dead to life, and of awful and horrible things at war with the nature which Providence had ordained.

These were rumors, it is true; but it was known that, in the last six months, Doctor Weir had caused to be taken to his house no less than three paupers from the workhouse, pronounced past hope of recovery, and that these had died therein, and no notice of their deaths been given until the bodies were in a state which rendered it absolutely impossible to retain them longer unburied. What could such strange proceedings signify?

I, as a young medical practitioner, and in frequent consultation with the Doctor, knew that he was deeply interested in the practical study of the nature and effects of electricity and galvanism—in search of some more subtle element which he maintained to exist; also, that he had of late dropped obscure and eager hints of being on the verge of some wonderful discovery therewith connected.

Closely allied to this element or principle, he said, was what we call life—that mysterious animal vitality binding together, as a link, body and soul, and the severing of which alone can separate the two.

"It is not the soul," he said, "which deserts the body, but the body, whose vitality failing, severs the link, and sets free the soul. If the nature of this link should be discovered"—and here a strange, eager look would come into his eyes, and his lips and his fingers would work convulsively and impatiently—"and if, once discovered and understood, it could be preserved unbroken?"

And then my own soul seemed to stir and thrill within me, as I met his deep, earnest eyes, lighted up with the inspiration of his almost sacrilegious conception.

"Would you meddle with death? Would you interfere with the laws of nature?" I ventured to inquire.

A look of pitying contempt came into his face.

"It is the study, the discovering the laws of nature," he replied. "The mind was intended by its Maker to progress—to work its way through darkness and ignorance into light and knowledge, up to Him. Wonderful laws, marvellous principles have been discovered—astronomy, gravitation, and electricity, with the wonders therewith connected. Galvanism, magnetism, mesmerism, clairvoyance—what are these but results and modifications of electricity? And yet this principle, as we know it, is but the rude elementary form or beginning of that mighty and as yet unknown agency upon which all life depends—leading up by separate links, a grand chain, even to the Eternal, in which all life hath its source and its ending."

The old Doctor paused, as if getting beyond his proper depth or height, and resumed.

"Life," said he, "never leaves the body until decay commences; never entirely leaves it until decay is complete, and the body dust and ashes; and as long as the life lingers so does the soul. Not at once is it set free; but slowly, gradually, the spirit is emancipated as its clay tenement resolves back to earth. To us it appears dead. First, the senses fail, the tongue refuses to speak, the ear to hear, the eye to see. Still the heart beats on, the blood circulates in that corpse-like body. Still the life and the spirit are there. Then the heart is still, the blood stagnates; yet the life and the soul are there. We look on the body, and call it death. Pshaw! it is but the beginning of decay, not death itself. We bury the body with the life and the spirit still lingering about it. Sometimes, as we know, an accident, a sudden shock, will revivify that seeming corpse—arouse the waning flame into renewed life; or, after burial, the moisture, the warmth, the electric principle of Mother Earth will act upon and revivify it, as we have seen electricity reanimate a torpid, or, as it is called, a dead limb or nerve. Do you understand?"

I was silent. My thoughts went back to many incidents which seemed to illustrate the truth of his remark. I remembered a corpse being brought to life, by the coffin being accidentally dropped from the shoulder of one of the bearers; and of another similar effect, produced by a flash of lightning striking a house in which lay a dead body, killing a man and reanimating a corpse, an incident well authenticated in the town where it occurred, and where I had at the time resided. And then, I reflected—"Everyone knows how frequently, upon graves being opened, the bodies therein deposited are found in unnatural positions, clearly showing a revival after a burial."

And with these thoughts, the old Doctor's theory, though never more than obscurely hinted at, struck me with startling force.

There might be something in it, after all.

Yet, as days and weeks and months passed by, and the Doctor ceased to discuss the subject, though he appeared to become even more abstracted and eager, my faith and interest in his proceedings gradually waned.

I became more occupied with my own individual practice, and thought of him, despite his profound learning and skill, as an unfortunate victim to visionary ideas and delusions. Still, when it was necessary to hold a consultation with him on some difficult case or subject, no one was more clear-headed and clear-sighted than Doctor Weir.

He was an old man, and had some years past resigned his regular practice; so that his time was now all his own, to dispose of as he pleased.

And this he had of late passed almost entirely in his own house, rarely issuing therefrom or admitting anyone within. Thrice, within the last few months, as I have mentioned, he had taken from the workhouse infirmary a patient pronounced incurable, and whose life was nearly at an end, and whose days were numbered.

And yet, in the Doctor's quiet house, under his "kind attention and skilful treatment," as the local newspaper had it, these incurables had lingered on, past the time allotted by medical foresight, and had, at times, even appeared to the few admitted to their presence (of whom I was one) to revive so strangely as to admit the possibility of a final recovery.

And so the fame of the Doctor's skill went abroad; though people could by no means account for the fact of the dead bodies, when these patients did die, having been kept in the house until they were literally in a state of decomposition.

And then it was that strange stories began to creep abroad among the vulgar, of these dead bodies having been seen walking, and having been heard to utter horrible sounds in the stillness of the old house.

This report originated first with an ancient crone, the sister of Maria Jackson, the Doctor's half-deaf and cross-grained old housekeeper.

She had made her way into the house one night on a visit to her sister, who never admitted anyone else—and seldom even her—and had found Maria asleep before the kitchen fire; while away up-stairs, in the direction of "the master's" private study and laboratory, were heard faint, appalling sounds of shrieks and gasping laughter, which made the listener's blood run cold within her.

Yet, with a woman's natural curiosity, and taking advantage of her kinswoman's deep sleep, which she, by-the-bye, declared didn't "seem natural," she had made her way thither, guided by the sounds, and, as she declared, upon looking through the keyhole, had seen a corpse stagger across the room!

How she got down down-stairs and out of

the house, she didn't remember.

Such was the story she told me, when, being called in by an alarmed neighbor, I found her in a trembling nervous fit, the effect of the fright she had received.

She declared, moreover, that as she stood there, gazing and listening at the keyhole, she had become conscious of a strange feeling, a thrilling throughout her frame—a tightening and nervous excitement, as it were, of her whole body, which, to use her own expression, "made her feel like a different person."

And, indeed, to my own perception, there was something strange and unaccountable in her symptoms. Though old, and with no sign of fever, her pulse beat full and rapidly, her eyes were bright and clear, her complexion fresh, and nervous and trembling as she was, she yet manifested a strength and vigor that was wonderful, considering what a feeble and decrepit being she usually was.

These symptoms lasted for two days, gradually diminishing, until even her natural strength seemed to decrease. Her pulse was scarcely perceptible, and I knew that she could not live a day longer if I unless I could see the doctor.

And so it was that for three days I had been watching the old physician's closely-shut abode; the isolated, gloomy-looking brick house, shut in by a high wall, and veiled by dark evergreen thickets.

Yet no shutter was unclosed, no door opened, and no smoke issued from the doctor's chimney, though a thin, ghost-like coil appeared from that of the kitchen, at quite the opposite end of the spacious building.

The Doctor had not even come out for the regular evening walk, which in five years I had never known him to miss, unless in inclement weather.

What could it mean? Was he dead?

Unable to get rid of the idea thus presented, on the third day of watching I took my hat and walked over to the gloomy house.

It was just after dark, yet no light was visible from the windows.

I rang loudly at the front door, and at length it was slowly opened an inch or two, and the old woman's wizened face and gray eyes peered suspiciously through.

In the dim light of the lamp she carried she did not recognize me until I spoke.

"It is I, Mrs. Jackson—Doctor Grahame. Where is the Doctor?"

"Oh, it's you, is it, sir? Why, the master, he's where he generally is—up in his 'laboratory.'"

"I want particularly to see him."

"I'm afeard you can't see him to-night, sir."

She stood holding the half-closed door in her hand, and looking doubtful and hesitating, now at me, and then over her shoulder into the dark, dingy hall beyond.

"Is he particularly engaged, Mrs. Jackson?"

"Well, I don't know—that is, I s'pose so. Anyways, he's given orders that he wasn't to be interrupted on no account. I ain't set eyes on him these four days, myself."

"Four days!"

My fears returned in force.

"You haven't seen him in four days—and he may be dead!"

"Bless your soul, no! He's alive and some——"

Here she utterly broke down and stammered, and again glanced nervously over her shoulder.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Jackson? Has anything happened? If so, do not hesitate to tell me. I am the Doctor's friend, and yours, and if there is anything wrong, I may be of some use."

"I wish you could, Doctor Grahame—I wish you could!"

She allowed me to pass her, closed the door softly, yet still stood with her hand on the knob.

"Tell me what it is, Mrs. Jackson," I said, with as calm an air as I could command.

"Why, Doctor, I—I'm afeard that there's something queer up-stairs. It's bad enough to have a corpse staying in the house; but ghosts, Heaven knows, is worse!"

"Ghosts—corpses!"

"James Sharker died here up there—four days ago."

James Sharker—the young man who, in the last stage of consumption, and evidently with but a few days to live, the old Doctor had some weeks since taken from the wretched cottage of his only too willing brother-in-law, and brought him to his own house.

"He is dead, then?"

"I saw him die, sir. It was four days ago. The Doctor, he was out on his walk, and I sat and watched by him, and saw him breathe slower and slower, and his eyes sink and roll up, until at last, just with a shiver and a gasp, he was gone. I crossed his hands and closed his eyes; and then the Doctor came in, and he looked at the corpse, and said, 'Dead!' And then he got excited all of a sudden, and his eyes blazed, and he said, 'Go down, Maria;' and let no one in the house until I call; and let no one know that the man's dead!' I went up next day, and called at the door if he wouldn't have his dinner. He replied, 'No! Don't come up again until you're called!' I left his dinner there, as I sometimes do, on the table near his door, and about ten o'clock that night went up to see if he'd eaten anything; but it hadn't been touched. The same thing yesterday, the same thing to-day; but, Doctor Grahame, I——"

"Well?"

"As I'm a livin' woman, I heard somebody in there, talking—talking to the Doctor—in the room where I left the corpse, and where nobody's been since then!"

I stood and mused.

"Dead four days ago. The body must be by this time in a state of decomposition—like the others."

"Yes; like the others!" said the old woman, with an expression full of meaning.

"This must be looked into, Maria. You know how people talked about the others; and should this thing again occur, and be discovered, it will injure the Doctor, and probably you also. I will go up and see."

"I daren't let you, sir!"

"Pshaw! I'll take the responsibility upon myself. I'll represent to the Doctor, how imprudent and inadvisable are such proceedings. I'll tell him that I went up against your will."

The housekeeper had a good situation for her life, and expected a legacy from her old master when she should survive him. Hence, partly, her fear of offending him.

My last remark was an assurance against this contingency, and she half reluctantly allowed me to pass her; and I made my way, softly and in darkness, up the broad staircase, and along the narrow passage leading to the other end of the house, where was the Doctor's laboratory.

I had often, in former days, been here, and now found my way without difficulty.

But as I progressed I became conscious of a singular influence—a something which it is quite impossible to describe, and which seemed to pervade the very atmosphere around me.

My body became, as it were, lighter, my breathing quicker; a new vigor or freshness seemed infused into my frame.

There is nothing by which I can, however feebly, describe the sensation, except in comparing it with that of a weary pedestrian, and heated traveler, when, after plunging into a cool, clear stream, beneath the shade of trees, he comes forth fresh and vigorous, feeling as though inspired in every nerve and vein with a new life.

Somewhat similar was my sensation upon approaching the door of the laboratory—mingled with a corresponding mental vigor and excitement.

I stood for a moment and listened.

There were strange, mutter, gurgling sounds within—human sounds—but inarticulate, until I distinctly distinguished the words, "For Heaven's sake! For Heaven's sake!" uttered in a tone so strained, so gasping, so full of untold agony, either bodily or mental, that I felt a cold shiver run through me.

What diabolical torture was being here perpetrated?

"Doctor!" I cried aloud.

But no notice was taken, and the sounds continued as before.

Then there was a struggling or struggling, and a heaving, sobbing shriek.

I could bear it no longer.

In the full vigor of my strong young manhood, and in the new strength so mysteriously acquired, I seized the door, I shook it in my grasp, and bursting the lock, stood within the mysterious apartment.

I have said that I was laboring under a strange mental and physical excitement, and, as it were, exaltation.

Some will say that what I now saw was the effect of this excitement—a sort of mental hallucination or exaggeration.

Whatever it may have been, I describe it as I here saw it, or as it here appeared to me.

Good heavens! There in the Doctor's great easy chair sat what seemed a corpse—the corpse of James Sharker—erect, vivid, ghastly, with glazed eyes and sunken features yet all heaving as in mortal agony with some invisible force.

The breast heaved with strong, convulsive breathings, the features worked, and from the throat came that gasping cry of supplication, "For Heaven's sake! For Heaven's sake!" as of a spirit striving in mortal agony to break free from its bonds of clay! And yet, despite all these signs of life, it was firmly impressed upon me that it was not a living person that I beheld—at least, not what we call life—but a horrible, constrained, tortured existence—torture to body and soul alike.

All this I saw in the first glance. At the second, I perceived that attached to, or in contact with, the body at various points were wires, tubes, electric-conductors—I know not what, of diabolical machinery.

And then I turned my eyes to the other end of the apartment, whither these conductors led.

There stood the Doctor—pale, still; his eyes, blazing with an intense excitement, fixed upon the victim before him; his hands busied with some mysterious and complicated labyrinth of apparatus, of which, in the momentary glance that I gave, I had but an imperfect glimpse. He never noticed me; his whole soul was absorbed in his mysterious and horrible work.

There was a look of triumphant excitement on his deathly-pale face, as though some long-sought secret was at last discovered—some wonderful work about to be accomplished.

At that moment the writhing body became still; at that moment a life-like hue returned suddenly to the livid face, a look of consciousness into the glazed eyes; and, with a groan of utter despair and agony, the dead man rose slowly and stretched his arms towards me.

Full of horror as I was, I had at the moment but one consciousness, that of pity for the victim, indignation at the perpetrator of what seemed at the moment remorseless cruelty.

I turned impulsively to the Doctor, and almost unconscious of what I did, struck the instrument from his hand, and with the blow severed the metallic conductors from the body before me.

The old Doctor threw up his arms with a cry, or rather shriek, of despair, the sound of which haunts me yet.

The revivified body fell suddenly to the ground at my feet—not as man falls, but prone down in a lump.

I was conscious of a shock which for an instant paralyzed me, body and mind; but with a mighty effort I walked to the window and threw it open. I leant out and drank in the cold, fresh night-air, and when quite recovered, turned round like one awakened from a dream.

It was not a dream, however. There was the horrible, diabolical machine, all shattered to pieces. There was the old Doctor, with a fixed look of stony despair upon his face. There was—great heavens!—not the form I had seen a few moments before, but a mass of putrescent humanity—a body looking as though it had been for some days in a state of decay.

It was this fact alone which ever subsequently prevented my disbelief of the old woman's statement as to the time of James Sharker's death.

I have here stated things plainly as they occurred. Many will doubt its truth, many will laugh, and more will sneer.

Let them go to the Royal Insane Asylum, and listen to the corroborative mutterings of the old Doctor.

Poor gentleman! If I wronged him, may Heaven forgive me! But what good would such a discovery have done mankind, opposed as it would have been to nature and her sacred laws?

Odd Notices.—At a certain coal mine, a notice warns all and sundry in these terms: "Please do not fall down the shaft." That "please" is excellent.

All business men who hold with Lord Bacon that "friends are coulters of our time" will fail to see any harshness in a notice which was posted conspicuously in an office: "Shut the door, and as soon as you have done talking on business, serve your mouth in the same way."

A gentleman put up the following at his gate-house: "A Terrifickokalibfondlement kept here." A friend asked him what tremendous affair that was. He replied, "Oh, it is just three big Greek words put all together, but it serves the purpose well, the unknown is always dreadful."

In a small country town may be seen, on the outside of a humble cottage, the following inscription in large gilt letters: "A seminary for young ladies." This was perhaps too abstruse for the villagers, as immediately underneath there is added, in rude characters: "Noisy boney—also, a grate assort."

More comprehensive was the curious inscription at one time to be seen over a door in Somersetshire: "Petticoats mended; children taught reading, writing and dancing; grown-up people taught to spin; roses distilled, and made into a proper consistence with water; also old shoes bought and sold."

A foreign paper describes a board hung up in front of a house with these words on it: "Room to let on the first floor at six dollars a month. Lowest price four dollars."

Another tells us that the following announcement is in an hotel at Algiers: "Customers are politely requested not to kick the hall porters."

This is as good as the notice put up in a western hotel: "Customers are requested not to go to bed with their boots on," and it also reminds us of the notice over a piano on a steamboat: "Please don't shoot the player; he is doing his best."

Things One Doesn't Like to Hear.—"No, Mr. Jones; but I will be a sister to you."

"Good morning. I am introducing a work which should be in every library.

"Sorry, dear boy, but I can't let you have the amount, for I am bankrupt myself."

"Waiter, it is half past three o'clock. Where have you been until this hour?"

"Mr. de Browne, your services will not be required after Saturday next."

"You want to marry my daughter, eh? Well young man, what are your expectations?"

"Here is the milliner's bill, Algy—only £250."

"I say, Jenkins, I heard a good story today, and I must tell it to you."

"Oh, Alfred, what do you think? I received a letter from dear mamma this morning, and she's coming to spend two months with us."

"When will you be ready to return that £20, Robinson? This is the fifth time I've asked you for it."

"If ye plase, sorr, Miss Heavyswell bade me to tell you she's not at home."

"And finally, dear brethren——"

Even with Him.—A henpecked gentleman determined to go with a party of friends against the will of his wife. He was resolved that he would, and she that he should not go. He did not go. His friends missed him, and, just for fun, invaded his residence, where they found him and his wife sitting in their chairs fast asleep. He had given her an opiate that he might slip away, and she had given him one that he might not.

"Johnny, here you are at breakfast with your face unwashed!" said his mother. "I know it, mamma. I saw the little things that live in water through papa's microscope last evening, and I'm not goin' to have them crawlin' over my face with their funny little legs."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A regular gang of manufacturers of spurious archæological articles has recently been convicted in Switzerland, whose scholars had long complained of the frauds practiced on hunters for relics of pile dwellings. One of the accused had invented the "horn age" for the benefit of the enthusiastic antiquarian, and dug out for him a number of articles made of horn. Another fraud consisted in forging the signature of the Curator of an Archæological Museum, and testifying thereby to the genuineness of a shield. The forgers were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from two days to half a year.

Mme. Anberson gives literary dinners in Paris, and rules them in strict parliamentarian spirit. She has a silver bell by her side to ring for order, and she gives each guest his turn to speak. The other evening M. Renan, the author of the famous "Life of Christ," was talking, when another guest tried to say something in an undertone. She peremptorily silenced him, and a few moments later, when M. Renan had finished, she tapped her bell and said, "Now, monsieur, you may speak." "But, madame," exclaimed the unfortunate, "I only wanted to ask for some more spinach."

The Empress of Japan, so anxious to introduce Western fashions into the Empire, affects the most dainty colored pocket-handkerchiefs. They are made of pale yellow gauze or muslin, embroidered with the national flower—chrysanthemums—of every hue. Other royal ladies also choose a distinctive flut for their handkerchiefs, the Queen Dowager of Portugal preferring pale pink, embroidered with lilies of the valley. According to Parisian fashion rules, the favorite flower of the owner is used as a crest for handkerchiefs. Widows should only use lilac muslin ornamented with dark blue scabious blossoms—the emblem of a mourning bride.

"Sacred" concerts of opera bouffe music and popular songs are to be suppressed by experts in New York. Proprietors have been arrested before, but succeeded in getting their discharge because the officers could not swear the music performed was not sacred. Now the inspector has specialists employed on the work. Men in the department who know music have been detailed to these places, and no matter what the programme says, they can swear positively to a composition when they hear it. When it is considered that many of what are now regarded as standard sacred compositions are from operas by Rossini, Verdi, Donizetti, Bellini and other operatic composers of the Italian school, the chance for drawing nice distinctions becomes apparent.

A London playwright suggests that "it should be the duty of the manager of the theatre to appear every night in front of the curtain, previous to the commencement of the principal play, for the purpose of explaining to all sections of the audience the available means of egress. This explanation, made clearly and formally, should be aided by the several door keepers in the several parts of the house, each of whom, when the particular door in his keeping is indicated, should prove by the word 'here!' that he is at his post. Extravagant as his plan may appear at the first glance, I cannot help thinking that it is the best in the field for carrying straight to the minds of audiences the actual position of the doors of the theatre."

Says a far West editor: "We now sport a nice milch cow. How did we get her? Bought her. Paid $40 for her, the whole amount being 10 cents per day saved since March 6, 1880. Oh, that's a friend of ours insisted on treating us to a smoke as it was our birthday, but we refused the kind boon, informing him courteously that we never smoked cigars, to which he replied that he never spent more than three per day, at a cost of twenty cents each day, and that he never missed the small change. We told him then from that day on we would lay away 10 cents per day as long as we were able to do so, and see how much it would amount to each year. We have kept it up to date, and, as a consequence, we have a fine Durham cow and calf, bought with 400 10-cent pieces."

A French official, in his book about the Paris Mont-de-Piété (the Government pawnbroking office), relates the story of a pawned umbrella, which was annually "renewed" for forty-seven successive years. The Director of the State pawnbroking establishment, at Brussels, seems to have many similar experiences. For more than twenty years he has had in his keeping the diamonds and other jewelry of a once famous prima donna, who has somehow fallen into poverty. Every year the interest is punctually paid, but the trinkets have not once been taken out of pawn. More than once large sums have been lent by the Brussels Mont-de-Piété upon the regalia of impecunious German princes. The establishment possesses a choice assortment of barrel-organs. Despite the deposit of crown diamonds and singers' jewels, the average of the sums advanced seems to be very small.

Ashaft is a rather unusual town in northern Wisconsin, but it will have a telegraph cable a mile long in operation next winter

Our Young Folks.

TRUE COURAGE.

SHOUTING, laughing, pushing against each other, the boys rushed out of the school-house pell-mell.

"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended alarm, "there's a spider on the pump-handle. Run, quick; it may bite you."

There was a roar of laughter at this would-be witty remark, and the eyes of a score or more thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate-looking lad who had been one of the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's jest fell on his ear, and the hand that held the tin drinking-cup trembled perceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than double up his little fist," cried Tom, and crowding close to Ross, he deliberately knocked the books from under his arm.

The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stooped, picked the books up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane's great anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but was determined to give him no excuse for doing so.

Ross knew that he could not with safety enter into any trial of strength with a boy so much older than himself. His lungs were weak, and the doctor had said they must bear no strain whatever.

But it was hard to be called a coward, to bear insults of every description without open resentment, to feel that he was looked upon with contempt by his companions because no taunts or sneers could induce him to fight.

He was too sensitive and shy to explain to them his reasons for not doing so, knowing well that his explanation would be greeted with ridicule and laughter. So he bore his various trials in silence, and not even his mother knew what he endured.

He did not know that this forbearance showed him possessed of a true heroism, for, like most boys, he had a strong admiration for deeds of daring, and saw little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring boy among them all. He boasted that he had the coolest head, the strongest arm, and the greatest amount of courage of any fellow of his age in Hillsboro', and none disputed his claim.

He was always ready for a fight, and generally came off victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity, and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing.

Ross might have been fairly treated by the other scholars but for Tom, who was never weary of exciting enmity against him, and, understanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as the biggest coward in the Hillsboro' Academy.

But retribution was at hand, and Tom was to be strangely punished for his sins in respect to Ross.

A new town hall was being built in Hillsboro', and a very high imposing edifice it was to be, with a steeple second to none. Tom Lane heard his father, who was the contractor for the building, say that a magnificent view could be obtained from this half completed steeple, and the next day at the noon recess Tom proposed to half a dozen of his young friends to go up and take a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," said he, "and the carpenters won't make any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was easily made, for a narrow, winding stair led up to it, and the boys soon attained a height that made their heads swim as they looked down, breathless and saw how small appeared the people on the pavement below them.

"A good place for a suicide," said Tom as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice in a tone of entreaty, and looking around the boys saw Ross Carson standing near. He had come up the stairs unperceived.

"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom rudely.

"The carpenter gave me leave to come up," answered Ross quietly. "I did not know any one was up here, and I was anxious to see the view. But it is a dangerous place."

"It's likely you think so," sneered Tom. "You'd find the head of a barrel a dangerous place. As for me, I would like to see the place where I wouldn't go! Boys, do you see that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which had been erected about the steeple for the use of the workmen. It projected several feet, and overhung the vast chasm below.

"We see it; but what of it?" asked Louis Raymond.

"You'll see what of it," answered Tom. "It's a jolly place to dance a hornpipe." And before his companions could realize his intention, he had climbed out upon the scaffolding and was walking fearlessly about it.

The boys stared in sheer amazement at such recklessness, and begged him to be careful.

But their fears for his safety only made Tom more anxious to show his boasted courage, and he began a rather feeble imitation of a sailor's hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the pavement?" he said.

As he spoke he looked down—a fatal thing; for his head, which had until now been so cool and steady, began to whirl strangely. He could not remove his eyes from the awful chasm below him. It seemed to fascinate him.

The boys looked at each other in horror. They saw the terrible danger which menaced him; they knew it was only a question of moments now before he must fall and be dashed to atoms on the pavement below.

He stood in a kind of stupor, looking down into the fascinating gulf, his eyes wild and staring, his face white with terror. He too knew the awful danger in which he stood, but he was powerless to help himself.

The slightest change of position, even the raising of his eyes, and he must fall. The gulf seemed drawing him on; his brain grew more torpid with every instant, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

Back of him shuddered his horror-stricken comrades, waiting in an agony of suspense for the fatal end of this terrible drama; before and below him yawned the great chasm, at the bottom of which the people who were moving along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement among the boys, and Ross Carson, with white face and set teeth, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the steeple on to the scaffolding, and with steady step approached the boy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death.

"If he touches him Tom will fall," whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was, Ross heard it, and half turned his head towards Louis, pausing an instant as if to think. Then he made a quick, firm step forward, and throwing both arms around Tom's waist, dragged him backward.

It was all over in an instant. In the face of a fearful and imminent danger Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was peril, drew him back to the steeple, and with the help of the other boys got him inside once more, white as a corpse, it is true, and utterly unnerved, but quite safe.

There was little said by any one. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stair, and then walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to school again this afternoon," he said to his mother. "So I'll weed out your flower-beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson. "I am afraid you study too hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat and began to weed the beds, hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town hall.

He was still weeding a couple of hours later when he heard the tramp of many feet, and looking up, he saw about a dozen of his schoolmates coming in at the little wooden gate, Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon, Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out his hand. "You've taught me this day what true courage is, and made me see what a cowardly sneak I have been."

Tom's lips quivered as he made this humiliating confession, and his eyes were moist with tears which he could restrain with only the greatest effort.

Ross took the proffered hand in a warm and hearty grasp, as he said—

"I'd have done as much for any one, Tom. Don't make so much of it. But I'm out-and-out glad to be friends with you."

And friends, fast and true, they were from that time forth, and no one ever again even whispered that Ross Carson lacked courage. The story of that brave deed of his on the scaffolding about the new hall had borne testimony to his courage which was sufficiently convincing, and the people of Hillsboro' were proud of their young townsman.

In their eyes he was a hero. But I think that the noblest thing about his brave act was that he risked his life to save that of his enemy.

THE WEEDS AND THE GRASS.

THE earth stretched in a vast plain that was as yet untrodden by the foot of man. But the land bare only weeds and long rank grass, unfit to feed the flocks and herds that would accompany man when he came.

And the earth wept, and said to Nature, the nurse of all, "How shall I feed the flocks and herds when they come? Give me food for them."

And Nature, the old nurse, sighed and said, "Not yet. When will my children learn to wait? But the earth remained still unsatisfied.

And time went on, and man came with a train of wagons to spy out the land, and see its fitness, before he brought his flocks and herds. And the earth mourned more than before, and said, "I cannot feed the flocks. If they come they will surely die."

And as man passed by the wheels of his wagons crushed and tore the earth, and wherever he paused to rest, the ground was bruised beneath his feet.

But in each spot where the earth had been wounded, the weeds and the coarse grass died away, and along his path there sprang up a sweet, soft grass that held the ground forever, and fed the flocks and herds when they appeared.

And Nature, the old nurse, smiled and said, "My gifts come with the need for them, but they must often be won through suffering."

THE ANIMALS AND MAN.

There was a land inhabited by wild animals, into which man entered, and began to build and plough.

And the inhabitants met and said, "who shall drive out these intruders?"

And they chose the elephants, the wisest of all beasts, to go and cast them forth; and the men fled before the elephants, who overthrew the houses, and then returned in triumph.

But thereafter word came that the men had returned, and the elephants came back in wrath, and lo! around the houses was a deep ditch, beyond which the men stood and slew them. And those who escaped said, "Man is wiser than the beasts; let us fly before him."

Then the locusts said, "We will fight with man," and many mocked; but the locusts heeded not, and they went forth to devour the crops.

And the men were wrathful and slew them, but in vain, for as they slew them, still more appeared. And when the fields were bare the men said, "Who can stand before the locusts?" and they left the land and fled, for the weak, who are many, are more powerful than the strong, who are few.

THE OAK AND THE APPLE TREE.

An oak and an apple tree grew side by side in a meadow. When summer came, with her balmy breezes and soft rain, they rejoiced together; and when winter came, with his cold blasts, they sighed alike; and both wound the earth that fed them.

But one spring it befel that a mighty storm came up from off the sea, rending and destroying as it passed, and it beat upon the oak and the apple-tree, and overthrew them.

Now the roots of the apple-tree had spread far over the surface, and as the tree fell it tore up the turf with it, so that those who passed by said, "How the apple-tree loved the earth! it refuses to leave her behind."

But the oak had sent one root, and only one, deep into the ground, and when the root snapped the tree fell and disturbed the ground but little, so that no one pitied the oak.

T. ROACH, M. A.

THE MUSIC OF THE PRINCESS.

ONCE upon a time a beautiful princess lay dangerously ill. Suddenly, in the middle of a grand ball at the palace, she had dropped down senseless, and now for days and days she had been lying on her couch without a sign of life, looking like some exquisite statue wrought in marble.

The greatest physicians in the land were sent for, but not one of them could succeed in rousing the princess from the strange and baffling trance into which she had fallen; science was at fault, and they could do nothing for her.

At last there entered the chamber of the sleeping girl an old physician, who had known her when she was a merry, thoughtless child, living in the country, and playing about among the flowers and woods, free and untettered as a bird. He had watched her pass from a lovely childhood into a still more lovely girlhood, and had sighed when she was borne away to live in state in the city.

The old man leaned over the couch of the princess, and looked at her long and earnestly. The air was heavy with perfumes; wax tapers burned in curiously carved stands; while the daylight was excluded by curtains of rich brocade.

The silence which reigned in that royal chamber was broken by the voice of the physician, raised in accents of command—

"Draw back the curtains, and blow out the tapers."

At a sign from the queen the attendants noiselessly obeyed, and the bright rays of a glorious sun streamed into the room.

"Open all the windows, and let in the fresh air from heaven."

"She will die," whispered the attendants horrified; but the queen only nodded, and soon a fresh, pure breeze, laden with the scent of myriads of flowers, was stealing into the heated chamber.

"Can you not revive her? she is my only one!" said the queen, in tones of piteous entreaty.

"Madam," replied the old physician gravely, "the soul of your daughter has quitted its abode and is wandering in the Land of Dreams. Naught can avail to call it back save music, for music is divine, and hath a wondrous and all-penetrating power. Let but some chord of memory in the heart of the princess be touched, and straightway she will awake."

Overjoyed, the queen sent for all the best singers in the kingdom, and one after another they sang in the chamber of the princess grand Italian airs, with wonderful shakes and trills, sparkling French cavatinas, and stately German songs; now a quaint little modern ditty, and now a pathetic ballad of olden times.

But they sang in vain, for the sleeper lay without movement, and the queen, amidst her grief, began to look doubtingly at the old physician.

Presently there slipped into the room a little peasant girl with bright, eager eyes and sunburnt face, and, before any one could stop her, she was kneeling by the couch, crooning out the quaintest of quaint ditties.

There was nothing grand or powerful about it, but it was like the twitter of the birds on a spring morning, so fresh and clear, and full of soft little cooing notes, and odd turns and phrases.

It was the lullaby that the princess's nurse had sung to her when she was a little child, and it found its way where loftier music had failed to enter—straight into the royal maiden's heart.

Slowly the princess opened her blue eyes, and fixed them in bewilderment upon the peasant girl at her feet.

"Sing on, sing on, my little forest nightingale," said she; "this is the music of my childhood—this is the music that I so love."

S. U. W.

AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL.

A funeral in Egypt is indeed a strange sight, and the first one the visitor sees astonishes him very much. At the head of the procession march a corporate body of the blind and a certain number of men, who proceed at a quick step, singing a most jubilant air, while swinging themselves from right to left.

Behind them comes the funeral car, or rather a sort of bier, bearing a great red shawl, in which the body is deposited. At the extremity of the bier, on a perch, is placed the turban or the tarbouche of the defunct.

Two men carry this bier. They follow with such high spirits the movement of the head of the procession that the corpse, rocked in every direction, seems to jump under the shawl that shrouds it. The women bring up the rear—some on asses and some on foot.

The first row is formed of weepers, or rather screamers, who send forth towards heaven at each step the shrillest notes. The weepers hold in their hands a handkerchief, which they use, not to wipe their eyes, but for pulling up at the two ends behind their heads with a gesture that would be desperate if it were not droll.

On arriving at the cemetery they cast the corpse from the bier, such as it is, into the grave.

The grand funerals, however, take place with much more solemnity. An important personage is hardly dead in Egypt before his friends and acquaintances hurry to the house.

During one or two days they eat and drink at the expense of the dead, or rather of his heirs, indulging in the noisiest demonstrations. When the hour of the interment arrives, a scene of the wildest character is produced.

The slaves and women of the household throw themselves on the corpse and feign a determination to hinder it from passing the threshold. This lugubrious tragedy is played conscientiously; they snatch away the coffin; they belabor each other with blows; and the most violent and frightful clamor is heard.

At last the procession leaves the house and passes to the cemetery, preceded by camels loaded with victuals, which are distributed to the poor, who hurry in crowds along the road.

All along the route the mourners and friends of the family fight for the honor of bearing the bier for an instant, and thus it passes, or rather bounds, from hand to hand amid the most frightful disorder. The interment ended, every one returns to the house of the dead to recommence the festivities, which consist of dancing and other demonstrations.

TOAD AND GRASSHOPPER.—I once saw an amusing instance of the process of ramming a grasshopper down his throat in the case of a young toad (scarcely more, I think, than fifteen months old), which I saw upon the smooth gravel in front of my barn. I saw that the little fellow would have no clod or stone handy to push the grasshopper down with, and I was curious to see what he would do. I went to my garden and found one of the yellow striped locusts, which seemed to be fully as long as the toad himself. Crossing the locust's legs over each other in such wise that it would take him some seconds to untangle them and get ready for a hop, I threw him cautiously in front of the toad. Before the locust could recover his self possession and get his hind legs ready for a jump, the toad had put him head foremost down his throat, leaving very nearly half his length protruding from the toad's mouth. The little fellow then looked about, turning in every direction, and seeing nothing against which he could push the locust, he bent his head down against the ground. But his legs were so short and the locust was so long that it made a small angle, and it slipped along, making simply a furrow in the surface of the gravel. The toad then raised his hind legs higher in order to increase the angle, but still in vain. At last, in his desperate effort to get his legs still higher, he threw himself up and actually stood upon his head, or rather upon the hind legs of the grasshopper sticking out of his mouth; he repeated this operation several times before he succeeded in getting the insect fully within his mouth.

IN OLD EGYPT.—For a long period both Christian Copts and Jews were subject to various social disabilities. They were forbidden to ride either horse or mule, and if they chose to ride an ass, they might do so only on condition of facing the tail! They were subject to exorbitant taxation, and, as marks of their degradation, were compelled to wear black turbans, a cross weighing five pounds suspended from their neck, and, if they entered a public bath, must carry a bell, to give notice of their obnoxious presence.

HE EARNED HIS MONEY.—"It's five hundred dollars in your pocket," whispered the defendant's lawyer to the juror, "if you can bring about a verdict of manslaughter."

Such proved to be the verdict, and the lawyer thanked the juror warmly as he paid him the money.

"Yes," said the juror, "it was tough work, but I managed it after a while. All the rest were for an acquittal."

A QUARREL.

BY M. G. WATKINS, M. A.

That scornful word, how soon 'twas said!
That slight revenged, when none was giv'n!
Then swift the tongue's sharp arrows sped,
At which, through twinned hearts deeply driv'n,
Sweet Love in terror fled.

Much tried he me, my bosom's lord,
Suspecting that and hinting this;
I raged; taunts, which my heart abhorred
When spoke, I launched, no point to miss,
And stabbed him with each word.

Come here, my greyhound, faithful thou
While faithless he who gave thee proves;
Smoothing in all my grief thy brow,
I marvel if his fancy moves
To me repentant now.

Perchance those hasty words regret
Would fain recall each haughty look;
Patient his wish I might have met;
There! the gate clicked—doth he yet brook
Love's toils, love's gilded net?

My heart's love comes—'twere wise to pout;
A girl with spirit should behave;
And yet, methinks, I might him dout
Till love withdrew the boon it gave,
And coldness followed doubt.

The door opes—up perplexed I start,
Timid yet confident he stands;
Begone, distrust! no more apart
Should lovers dwell—I seize his hands,
And nestle next his heart.

OF PRETENDED ILLS.

Since the day when Ulysses feigned insanity to escape the Trojan war, this mode of deception has been extensively adopted in our own and other countries. In the great majority of cases the simulation of disease is practiced by persons charged with crime in order to prevent a trial, or to procure an acquittal or a discharge. From time immemorial also, it has been much resorted to in the army and navy, and also by convicts and others anxious to escape from discipline and compulsory service. Although oftentimes such a system of imposture is cleverly carried out, yet, as a rule, over acting is the common fault of most simulators.

Febrile symptoms are produced by swallowing tobacco juice. On one occasion a patient permitted all the preparatory measures for amputation before he thought proper to relax his knee-joint; and another almost suffered himself to be drowned in a deep lake into which he was plunged from a boat, before he stretched out his arm to save himself by swimming, an exercise in which he was known to excel.

A disease commonly simulated is epilepsy, a species of deception by no means easy to detect. An eminent French physician, for instance, one day boasted that no cunning could prevent him from discovering a case of feigned epilepsy. But he had not long uttered these words when one of his pupils fell down, was convulsed, and apparently displayed all the symptoms of this disease. Moved with pity he turned to those around him, saying: "Ah, poor boy, he is an epileptic," when immediately his pupil sprang to his feet, crying: "You see, my master, that we can simulate an attack of epilepsy."

Another disease occasionally feigned is paralysis. A curious instance occured some years ago. A soldier feigned paralysis of one arm with great perseverance and consistency for months, pretending that he had fallen asleep in the open air, awaking with his arm benumbed and powerless. This imposture he kept up with such boldness that, being suspected, a court-martial was held on him, but the evidence against him was not held to be sufficiently convincing.

After all, the most frequent cases of pretended ills are those of insanity; but those persons who have for some days or weeks feigned that they are mad, have in the end, in some cases, really become so. By way of illustration, we may quote the case of two sailors who, having very ingeniously simulated madness to escape imprisonment, ultimately became insane.

In France chloroform has of late years been employed for the purpose of discriminating between real and feigned madness, it being supposed that during the influence of the chloroform a person pretending madness will be overcome by its effects, and allow his imposition to be unveiled. On the other hand, it has been argued that a real madman will continue to rave on the subject of his delusions; but on these points much uncertainty prevails.

Among other pretended ills may be mentioned the spitting of blood and consumption. Palpitation and violent action of the heart have been produced by the juice of the hellebore, and vomiting by secret pressure on the stomach.

In the year 1804, the great increase of ophthalmia in an English regiment aroused suspicion, by which eventually the deception was exposed. It appears that the men within the walls of the hospital requested those without to forward them corrosive sublimate, lime and blue-stone, by the application of which acrid substances to their eyes, they endeavored to get them into such a state of inflammatory disease as would enable them to procure their discharge with a pension.

One of the most remarkable instances on record, of a person simulating deafness from birth, is that of a Frenchman at the beginning of the present century—generally known as Victor Joy. The individual, in order to escape military conscription, traveled from place to place as a deaf-mute in search of his father. For four years he so skilfully carried on his deception that he succeeded in baffling all the tests to which he was subjected by some of the greatest scientific men of the period. In Switzerland, he was tempted to avow the deceit by a young, rich, and beautiful woman offering him her hand; but even this bait did not take. In the prison of Rochelle every contrivance was adopted to make him betray himself; and, although closely watched night and day, it is reported that even in his dreams only guttural sounds were heard. Finally, the director of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes, at Paris, after examining his writing, proved that his blunders in spelling were phonetic in their character, and that he wrote not as he saw, but as he heard.

Some years ago an English prisoner succeeded in convincing all around him that he was completely deaf. His medical attendant prescribed for him daily extra wine and other articles of dietary, but in reality ordered that none of them were to be used. The result was that while the patient was nominally living on the fat of the land, he was actually starving from hunger. At last the surgeon, with an assumed seriousness, remarked that he could not understand why the patient should lose flesh with such liberal diet. This was too much for the man, and in an unguarded moment he indignantly cried out to the nurse: "You know I have never had any of those good things."

In many cases such impostures are discovered by the retaliating deception of the surgeon, who is careful to conceal his suspicions, appearing to give credit to all that is related to him of the history of the disease, and proposing some sort of treatment accordingly.

Grains of Gold.

Beautiful thoughts are the flowers of the mind.

All is but lip wisdom which wants experience.

If you would be good, first believe that you are bad.

Fortitude, itself an essential virtue, is a guard to every other virtue.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself and leaves a beast in his room.

He who never changes any of his opinions never corrects any of his mistakes.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.

Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong.

Men are more inclined to ask curious questions than to obtain necessary instruction.

Humanity is never so beautiful as when praying for forgiveness, or else forgiving another.

No man ever go rid of a lie by telling it; it is sure to come home sooner or later to hobnob with its author.

However brilliant an action may be, it ought not to pass for great when it is not the result of a great design.

The most sure method of subjecting yourself to be deceived is to consider yourself more cunning than others.

All that is known is comprehended, not according to its own force, but according rather to the faculty of those knowing.

It appears to be among the laws of nature, that the mighty of intellect should be pursued and carped by the little, as the solitary flight of one great bird is followed by the twittering petulance of many smaller.

It is knowledge that destroys enthusiasm and dispels all those prejudices of admiration which people simpler minds with so many idols of enchantment. Philosophy, which has led to the exact investigation of causes, has robbed the world of much of its sublimity, and by preventing us from believing much, and from wondering at anything, has taken away half our enthusiasm, and more than half our admiration.

Femininities.

Sea otter hides are valued at $500 apiece.

The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.

In England they compare ugly things with the Queen's bonnet.

At first babes feed on the mother's bosom, but always on her heart.

Elephants' tusks are now mounted in brass and made to hold ornamental parlor lamps.

A Kentucky girl snapped a kernel of corn at her lover in fun and put out his right eye.

A Manistee, Mich., miss gratefully offered her hand to a dentist who pulled a tooth painlessly.

Astronomical china is something new, the plates, platters and dishes representing heavenly bodies.

Finger-bowls made of birch bark was one of the quaint conceits of a dinner party the other night.

To keep a woman out of sulks the easiest way is to keep her in silks Only a slight difference between U and I.

A woman was gored to death by a cow at Anna, Ill., the other day. The cow mistook the woman's bustle for a haystack.

A Chicago doctor has written a book on "The Irregularities of the Teeth." What makes trouble is the irregularity of the tongue.

A little Michigan girl has, without assistance, picked and mounted on cards, and exhibited at a church fair, 2128 specimens of four-leaf clover.

It is certainly a waste of time to try to educate some people. There are girls who study music year after year and yet they never seem to know anything about rests.

At the church door. Her: "There, now, how very provoking! I've left the prayer-books at home." She: "Well, dear, never mind, but do tell me, is my bonnet straight?"

When a woman takes hold and manages a farm all alone people think her wonderfully smart, but they never think of praising the women who manage the farms and farmers too.

Mrs. Cleveland never drinks champagne or any kind of wine. She always drinks Apollinaris water when at dinner where there is wine. In fact she seldom drinks any kind of water except Apollinaris.

A young Mexican widow with $10,000 having advertised for a husband to enjoy it with her, the Mexican papers have taken alarm and condemn the act as a "Yankeeism" that may well be dispensed with.

Delicate odors, such as violet, heliotrope or orris root, are always permissible, just as patchouly and musk are always to be shunned. In any event, perfume in the shape of sachet powder is to be preferred to liquid extracts.

"I have never met a woman able to follow a course of reasoning for one-half quarter of an hour." This is hard and savors of malice. Bonaparte was not precisely gallant and was especially severe on the score of woman's intellect.

The fashion in scarfs has turned right about, and the light scarfs of a fortnight ago are now crowded out by black, or at least very dark, satin ties and four-in-hands, always with broad stripes of some bright color, the stripes being far apart.

A lady stood hanging to the strap of a St. Paul horse car, when a workman in the far corner arose and politely offered her his seat. "I thank you," she said, in a very sweet tone, "but I dislike to deprive the only gentleman in the car of his seat."

It is reported now that a "Woman's Bible" is to be prepared by female revisers. They are going to search out the true definition of leading texts that may make for suffrage, dress reform and other details of feminine manliness and see if they can't strengthen their case.

A unique fashion note gives the important information that red hair with blue eyes must be differently managed from red hair with gray or brown eyes. As soon as blue is introduced into the dress the blue eyes count for twice their value, and form too strong a contrast with red hair.

Mother: "I declare I dread the thought of our boy John getting married." Friend: "Oh, that feeling is only natural. You will become reconciled to his loss in time." "It isn't his loss so much—" "What then?" "Why, don't you see, that will make me a mother-in-law, and mothers-in-law are simply dreadful."

"Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Jones," remarked Fangle, "resemble each other very much." "Yes, they look a great deal alike," assented Mrs. Fangle. "In fact, I can't tell them apart, but I suppose you can, my dear?" "Well, I should think I could, when Mrs. Jones' bonnet cost four times as much as Mrs. Robinson's."

A decree has gone forth in Paris that a taste for rare books, curious editions and fine bindings is now to be the fashion among all ladies who move in society. It will no longer be the thing to furnish blue and white rooms with books in blue and white, or to banish from the drawing-rooms books whose bindings do not match the chairs.

A certain great lady, whose absence of mind was proverbial, happening to meet in society a young widow who had lately lost her husband, condoled with her sympathetically on her bereavement; then, after a pause, during which she lapsed into her accustomed forgetfulness, inquired, to the stupefaction of the mourner, "Was he the only one you had?"

The custom of giving girls in the early teens quarterly or monthly allowances for their small current expenses, instead of making all purchases for them, is growing in favor, and is an excellent idea. There is no better way to teach girls correct and methodical business habits, and girls ought to know the value of money and the best way of spending it, for a great part of every man's prosperity depends upon the practical financial ability of his wife.

Masculinities.

Decent treatment make some men obtrusive.

Overcoats will be shorter than last winter and loose.

The Romans knew nothing of the modern cravat.

A Michigan paper tells a citizen he is "making a gaudy chump of himself."

Cigarette smoking does not kill a bad boy all at once. If it did it might be encouraged.

A poet writes: "I owe no man a dollar." We never did know a poet that could get any credit.

A man running for office may not get out of breath, but he will be more apt to get out of money.

We have noticed that the man who has his nose on the grindstone generally gets his wits sharpened.

When a pretty girl tells a young man that he is "very saucy" he had better begin to save money. He's got her, sure.

Without woman's tenderness infancy would be without succor, youth without pleasure, and age without consolation.

A celebrated physician has said that the weak and valetudinary ought to view regular exercise as one of their moral duties.

He, before the wedding: "You are sure you won't be nervous at the altar?" She, four times a widow: "I never have been yet."

Prince Bismarck, like other great men, has his favorite flower. It is neither more nor less than the common red-blooming heather.

There is nothing more unpleasant to an invalid than to wake up in the morning feeling splendidly, and then suddenly remember that he is sick.

A brother in prayer meeting in a neighboring town, the other night, prayed for the absent who were prostrated on beds of sickness and aches of weliness.

Julius Cæsar could, at the same time, read and write and listen with attention. He has been known to dictate to his amanuenses six or seven letters at once.

A "lady" bull fighter has entered the arena in the city of Mexico. The term could be improved somewhat. Why not call her a lady gentleman cow fighter?

It always bothers a Frenchman who is learning English to read one day that a murder has been committed and the next day that the murderer has been committed.

The fact that a man's brain grows lighter as he grows older is considered a curious thing. His brain is supposed by the community to be the lightest when he is about 20 years old.

First masher: "I say, Jack, such a lot of jolly girls smiled at me as I came down the parade." Second masher. "No wonder, my boy; your necktie has got right round the other side of your ear."

He: "What a lovely fan you have, Miss Edith." She: "Yes, I like it. My papa gave it to me. It came from Paris and is hand-painted." He: "Indeed! And how nicely it matches your complexion!"

"Now tell me honestly, Miss Quizzer, how do you think I sang that last little thing?" "Well—er—honestly, I must say that I never heard you sing it better—never!" Squelier takes it as a compliment, but is it?

"Sam, how is Tallier getting along now?" "Oh, so, He's putting on too much style now to please me." "How is that?" "Well, he's got a mild attack of dyspepsia and he calls it 'Bright's disease'—tryin' to make it appear as if he is a distinguished person. It makes me sick to see a fellow puttin' on so much style."

A recent Parisian suicide was of a singularly thoughtful turn of mind. Two lock-keepers on the St. Martin Canal, seeing a rope attached to an iron ring on the quay, hauled it in and found the dead body of a man on the other end. In one of the coat pockets was a paper explaining that the precaution had been taken so that his body would be found before decomposition set in.

In Guadalajara, Mexico, the Indians furnished much sport when, on September 1st, the law making compulsory the wearing of trousers by the men went into effect. They all walked very awkwardly; some were greatly bewildered by the pockets, and many donned the garment wrong side before. After considerable grumbling they accepted the new order of things good-humoredly.

J. M. Bailey, once famous as the wit of the Danbury News, has faded from the humorous world and is now an actor in a daily repeated domestic tragedy. His wife is insane and demands his entire attention. He must dress her and arrange her hair, and attend to all her wants. She is like a child, and he gives her all his affection, time and attention. His devotion is described as something heroic.

Mr. John Wanamaker, without doubt the most enterprising and original merchant in the world, has just returned to his home in this city from a visit to Europe. He has been much benefited by his trip in health and spirits and feels again like his former self. Speaking of his observations there, he is of the impression more than ever that the United States is infinitely ahead of the Old World in every aspect of society, trade or civilization, and that this lead will go on increasing.

Some one asked the French philosopher, Fontenelle, when 94 years of age, which 20 years of his life he regretted the most. "I regret little," he replied, "and yet the happiest years of my life were those between the 55th and 75th. At 55 years a man's fortune is established, his reputation made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, projects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly completed as regards the labors which every man owes to society, there are fewer enemies, or, rather, fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice."

Recent Book Issues.

"Parlor Games for the Wise and Otherwise" is a good and useful little book. It has the merit of being fresh and practical. Its directions for playing the games are simply told, and it will contribute much to the pleasure of a party. Published by The O. M. Hubbard Company, Rochester, New York. Price, 50 cents.

"N. W. Ayer & Son's American Newspaper Annual for 1887," contains a carefully prepared list of all newspapers and periodicals in the United States and Canada, arranged by States in geographical sections, and by towns in alphabetical order. Under this head is given the name of the paper, the issue, general characteristics, year of establishment, size, subscription price and circulation, also the names of editors and publishers, and the street address (when known) in all cities of about 50,000 population. Besides its special newspaper features, it contains in brief the whole census of 1880, making it a most valuable work of general agricultural, social geographical, industrial and general statistical reference. Price, $3; carriage paid. Philadelphia, Pa.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Like all its predecessors the October number of *The Connoisseur* is a perfect gem in its pictures and reading matter. Art lovers will find it a most useful and entertaining publication. Published by Bailey, Banks & Biddle, this city.

The Invalids' Visitor is a little monthly published by Mrs. K. R. Burr, at Williamson, N. Y. It is intended to be a means of bringing spiritual light, as well as worldly comfort, to those shut indoors by ill-health, and tries to do its chosen work well.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery is one of the best publications for the instruction and entertainment of younger readers issued in this or any other country. Its stories, poetry, general matter and illustrations are always of the best. Published at No. 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

The *Magazine of American History* for October has an attractive frontispiece—a portrait of Webster, unpublished hitherto; it is accompanied by a character study by Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, late U. S. Minister to Persia. Ex-President Andrews, of Marietta College discusses "The Admission into the Union of Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio." Rev. Philip Schaff writes of the "Relationship of Church and State;" James Schouler, the historian, on "Historical Grouping;" Prof. Salisbury contributes two letters of Horatio Greenough; Judge Wood tells of the "New Mexico Insurrection of 1846;" Charles D. Baker has a paper on "The First Dutch Church, Brooklyn;" Prof. O. P. Hubbard criticizes "An Extraordinary Indian Town," and Col. Jones, the Georgia historian, continues his valuable original documents. The editor contributes a clear and vigorously written account of "The Origin of New York," illustrated with antique Dutch pictures. There are some readable papers in Minor Topics, Notes, and Historic and Social Jottings, and several book reviews. Price, $5 a year. New York City. No. 743 Broadway.

The October number of the *Eclectic Magazine* gives the place of honor to Prince Krapotkine, the celebrated Nihilist, who contributes an article entitled "The Coming Anarchy." "Ireland's Alternatives," by Lord Thring, is a presentation of the Anglo-Irish question. The poet, Swinburne, in a paper which he calls "Whitmania," severely attacks the claims made for Walt Whitman, by his friends. Wagner's "Letters to Frau Eliza Wille," throw light on the great composer's life and character. Arnot Reid compares the English and American press, and Mr. W. H. Mallock continues his suggestive papers on "Wealth and the Working Classes." The two closing articles are "The Roman Matron and the Roman Lady," by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; and "The Island of Serk; a Sermon in Stones," by Sophia Weisse. The shorter articles are well selected and the editorial department of ordinary interest. Published by E. R. Pelton, No. 25 Bond street, New York City. Terms, $5 per year.

St. Nicholas for October opens with a charming story by Miss Alcott. Frank R. Stockton contributes one of his capital "Personally Conducted" papers, on "The Low Countries of the Rhine," with abundant illustrations. "General Grant at Vicksburg" is the title of General Adam Badeau's war story, which is followed by a very clever Southern sketch—"Old Mammy Prissy." There are four character illustrations to it. John R. Coryell tells about the curious habits of an absurd bird with the queer name of Kiwi-Kiwi; and Mary J. Safford writes about a self-respecting and knowing dog that stopped a mutiny. "The Babyhood of John Greenleaf Whittier" is told by W. H. Rideing. Every one who has been reading Miss Baylor's interesting serial, "Juan and Juanita," and H. H. Boyesen's "Fiddle-John's Family," will doubtless turn at once to the concluding chapters of these two stories. Nora Perry, Mary Mapes Dodge, Rossiter Johnson, Frank Sherman, and Margaret Vandegrift are among the other contributors. A new volume begins in November. The Century Company, New York.

A MAN who does business on a large scale—a coal dealer.

Don't yield to rheumatism till you have tried Salvation Oil. Price, 25 cts. a bottle.

Of all the popular favorites, the genuine article is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

"SALTING" GOLD MINES.

UNDER the head of cheating may be classed the process of "salting" mines, in order to deceive expected purchasers into the belief that really worthless shafts contain rich deposits of gold, silver or coal, as the case may be.

A good idea of the various methods employed in this nefarious business may be gained from the following instances told by a St. Louis writer:

Some ten years ago a friend of mine was employed to examine a gold mine which had been reported favorably upon by three other experts. He took his own assayer and went to the mine.

It did not greatly please him at the first glance, as the rock looked dead, and there were no indications of any rich ore. He went through the mine, taking samples from all parts, which he turned over to his assayer, fully expecting that he would find very little mineral.

But to his surprise the ore ran about eight hundred dollars a ton. He was almost convinced that the mine was genuine, as he did not see the least trace of any salting process.

He went to the owners and told them the result of his examination, but said that he should make no report unless they would turn the mine over to him for forty-eight hours, and let him do what he pleased with it.

After some hesitation they consented, and the next morning he took a gang of men down the shaft and blasted to the right and left, cleaning away the exposed rock and taking his samples from the newly disclosed wall.

The assays made from these did not yield a trace of the mineral, and he saw that the mine must have been salted, but how he could not imagine.

At last he found that the owners had scraped together a quantity of the soft talc that is nearly always adhering to the wall of mines and mixed gold dust with it. They then put it into shot-guns and fired it against the wall of the mine.

This scattered it over the entire wall and caused the talc to penetrate every crevice, so that gold would be found in a sample taken from any part of the mine.

On another occasion I myself was nearly victimized. I went to examine a mine in New Mexico and my assays ran very high. The mine looked well, and I thought at first that there could be little doubt of its value. But I told the owner that I wanted to sink the shaft ten feet deeper, and take my samples from the ore that I should find there.

As I was going home that night I chanced to pass the mouth of the shaft, and was surprised to hear sounds proceeding from it. Determined to discover the cause of these unusual noises I crept to the platform and looked down the shaft.

I saw two men at the bottom, one drilling a hole and the other working a churn dasher. I could hear their conversation from where I lay, and soon found that what they were doing was of great personal interest to me. One said—

"We ought to have set a guard at the mouth of the shaft."

"Nonsense!" said his companion; "no one ever comes here at this hour."

I had heard enough, and quietly went home. Next morning I saw the owner and told him I did not care to sink his shaft any deeper, as I had decided not to recommend the mine.

He became very indignant, and talked so offensively that at last I said to him—

"My friend, you had better keep quiet. I was at your mine at three o'clock this morning, and saw what was going on."

His jaw dropped; he looked at me in surprise; but he saw that the game was up, and left without a word.

The trick he had tried to play on me was one well known to all salters. A solution of gold is made by some chemical process which will penetrate the hardest rock to a depth of eight or ten feet, and give excellent assays where there is no mineral at all.

The last attempt at salting of which I have any knowledge was also tried upon me. I was sent to look at a mine which had twice been favorably reported upon. The owner received me most hospitably, and insisted on my remaining at his house, saying that his four daughters were very lonely and would be glad to see me. I agreed to breakfast with his family the next morning before examining the mine.

After breakfast the young ladies insisted on accompanying me and showing me through the mine. They were very polite, one of them going in front of me and directing me where to take my samples from.

I noticed that she had a way of brushing her skirt against the walls, and leaning against them just before I took a sample. In an unguarded moment she caught her overskirt upon a projection and pulled it back, allowing me to see two or three little bags which were hidden beneath it. I said nothing, but soon ascended the shaft, saying that I would complete my examination on the following morning.

Next day I went through the mine, carefully sampled it, and got to the top of the shaft before the ladies made their appearance.

I then filled a sack with ore from the heap, and sat down to wait for them. They soon made their appearance, and one of them asked me what I had in that sack. I said that it contained my samples.

I soon noticed that two of the girls managed to stand between me and the sack, while the other was busily engaged in looking for a ring which she said she had dropped near it.

After lunch I went to their home with them, taking with me the sack, which I left on the porch. Just as I was about to drive away their father called out that I had forgotten my sack.

I replied that I did not want those specimens as I had taken others earlier in the day, and drove off before he had time to speak.

That night he came to the hotel and confessed the whole scheme. The girls were not his daughters, but had been hired by him to salt the mine under the noses of the experts.

He had provided them with bags filled with a compound of gold, which they concealed in their skirts and rubbed against the wall just before a sample was taken.

They had salted my supposed samples, and it was my refusal to take these to town with me which showed the old gentleman that I had penetrated his scheme.

HOW MISERS LIVE.

We must not despise the miser indiscriminately; let us rather attempt to lift some of them at least from the degraded position they have always occupied in the public mind.

It may never have occurred to our readers that the desire to be philanthropic has induced some men to become misers. Nevertheless, this is the case, although we may not have had frequent opportunity of verifying this experience.

Thus, when Bethlehem Hospital, London, was built, a wretched miser of the East End gave a subscription of five hundred dollars. When the collectors called at his residence, they found him scolding a servant for throwing away a match which had not been burned at both ends. To him, the waste of this match was a worse blow than the giving away of such a large sum.

Gurgot of Marseilles was another confirmed miser; every one in the city knew him, and it is not exaggeration to say every one hated him for his sordidness. Yet we know from his will that he scraped together five thousand dollars in order to furnish the poor of his native town with a good and cheap water-supply.

There have been few soldiers like the first Duke of Marlborough, and yet he was a very sordid individual. To save a sixpence for carriage hire, he would walk, when an old man, from the public rooms in Bath to his hotel, in all kinds of weather. He died worth five million dollars, which he left to his grandson, Lord Trevore, his bitterest enemy.

There seems to be a certain irony of fate in the miser's pains to collect money, for generally the produce of his mean sparing living falls into the hands either of thriftless sons or bitter foes.

In spite of the knowledge of this, the poor miser grasps and gathers together all he can lay hands upon, thus adding day by day to his physical and moral ruin. The life of Vandille more than justifies this statement.

This man's food consisted of bread and milk, with the addition of a glass of sour wine on a Saturday; his religious mite was one farthing per week, and at his death he left four million dollars to the kings of France.

One redeeming feature of the miser's character is that he generally suffers the effect of his sins himself. He does not punish others. One exception to this rule is the life of Audley, who flourished in England during the Commonwealth.

This miser started life with one thousand dollars, which sum he lent out to the sons of cavaliers and to clerks at a high rate of interest. His whole life was one of cunning and disreputable craft, and by such means he accumulated two million of dollars, which, however, reverted to the government.

The keen and earnest craving for money does not belong to individuals only; it has often been characteristic in the life of nations. The Oil craze in our own country showed what thousands would do in the worship of mammon. But the tulip mania of Holland in 1634 surpasses every other illustration we are able to cite. Such was the rage for tulips that they rose to enormous prices.

To possess tulips was to be rich. One of these flowers, named the Admiral Liefken, was worth at market value three thousand dollars. If another mania should arise, would not there be found thousands of men and women thronging to swell the sordid contingent?

The miser is very often unconscious of his meanness, and even rejoices when he sees any other man display the same quality. The biography of Diobenus Diobenuus shows this conclusively. This person was a descendant of the Byzantine monarchs; but their spirit of lavishness was in no way inherited by him, for during his lifetime he managed by niggardliness to raise the value of his possessions to many thousands of dollars. The great question of his life was, to whom should he leave his money? This problem was solved for him by means of a rather curious incident. A distant relative of his sent him a letter written on an inch of paper. This was enough; the miser seemed to see in his absent friend a fitness which fully warranted him in making this apparently thrifty person his heir.

The habits of the miser are peculiar in the extreme. The Rev. Mr. Jones of Blewbury may serve us for a pattern. With a stipend of two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and blessed with a fortune amounting to one thousand dollars, he left at his death the sum of fifty thousand dollars. For forty years he was rector of Blewbury, and during that long period only one person was known to have sat at his festal board. He never had a fire lit in his house, and as for servants, the very thought of them was enough. During winter nights he used to go to the houses of his parishioners in order to keep himself from starving of cold, rather than light a fire at the rectory.

When the miser dies, his possessions are often found in the most out-of-the-way corners. Mr. and Miss Dancer are reputed to have been the most noted misers of the eighteenth century. To tell all their habits would be interesting, but rather tedious; let the manner in which they kept their money suffice. Their fortune amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, which sum was stored away thus: twelve thousand five hundred was found under a dunghill; two thousand five hundred in an old jacket nailed to the manger of their stable; notes amounting to three thousand dollars were stowed away in an old teapot; and many old jugs filled with gold and silver were hidden away in the stable left. The chimney yielded ten thousand dollars. In this dirty place there were nineteen holes, each of which held a sum of money.

THE WRONG STORY.

They were celebrating their silver wedding, and, of course, the couple were very happy and very affectionate.

"Yes," said the husband, "this is the only woman I ever loved. I shall not forget the first time I proposed to her."

"How did you do it?" burst out a young man who had been squeezing a pretty girl's hand in the corner. They all laughed and he blushed; but the girl carried it off bravely.

"Well, I remember as well as if it were but yesterday. It was at Saratoga. We had been out for a picnic, and she and I got wandering alone. Don't you remember, my dear?"

The wife nodded and smiled.

"We sat on the trunk of an old tree. You haven't forgotten, love, have you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She began writing on the dust with the point of her parasol. You recall it, sweet, don't you?"

The wife nodded again.

"She wrote her name, 'Minnie,' and I said, 'Let me put the other name to it.' And I took the parasol and wrote my name—'Smith'—after it."

"How lovely!" broke out a little maid, who was beaming in a suspicious way on a tall fellow with a blonde moustache.

"And she took back the parasol and wrote below it, 'No, I won't.' And we went home. You remember it, darling. I see you do."

Then he kissed her and the company, murmured sentimentally, "Wasn't it pretty?"

The guests had all departed and the happy couple were left alone.

"Wasn't it nice, Minnie, to see all our friends around us so happy?"

"Yes, it was. But, John, that reminiscence!"

"Ah, it seems as if it had been only yesterday."

"Yes, dear; there are only three things you're wrong about in that story."

"Wrong? Oh, no!"

"John; I am sorry you told that story, because I never went to a picnic with you before we were married; I was never in Saratoga in my life; and I never refused you."

"My darling, you must be wrong!"

"I am not wrong, Mr. Smith. I have an excellent memory, and, although we have been married twenty-five years, I'd like to know who that minx was. You never told me about her before."

AT A TOLL-GATE.—A young girl, fresh from the Highlands, came a few years ago on a visit to a sister, residing in Glasgow. At the outskirts of the town she stopped at a toll-gate, and began to wrap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The keeper of the toll-bar came out and asked what she was doing that for, when she demurely interrogated him as follows:—"Is this Glasco'?" "Yes." "Is Peggy in?"

WANAMAKER'S

There shouldn't be one who comes to this city without knowing that Wanamaker's is a resting and waiting and meeting place, as well as the biggest Dry Goods and General Store in the World.

Cream Sangller, 87½ cents from $1.50.
Black Sangller, 41 in., was 65c; now 35.
14 inch Black Wool Laces, 50c; were $1.
Table linen, 66 inch bleached damask, 55 cents.
Napkins to match, $1.10 a dozen.
All linen Handkerchiefs, children's size, 30c. dozen.
Ponson's Black Grosgrain Silks, $1.25 to $1.75.
Bonnet's Black Cachemire silks, $1.00 to $1.30.
"Westminster" Cachemire finish Black Grosgrain Silk, 85c.
Cashmere Shawls, drab, sera, cardinal, blue, pink, and wine, from 75c; creams from $1.25.
Women's black lisle half-hose, 25 cents.
Men's colored lisle half-hose, 25 cents.

Send a letter for samples or goods, if you can't come to the Store yourself.

JOHN WANAMAKER,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Humorous.

WHAT SHE SAID.

She said not much beside the sea;
At set of sun she sat with me,
I held her hand, so fond and free,
Thrilled at its touch;
Softly I spoke and tenderly,
She said not much.

We saw the billows come and flee;
Oh! tremulous heart and throbbing eye,
How near alike they seemed to me!
Upon the sands I bent my knee,
"Oh, wilt thou not my true love be?"
She said, "Not much!"

U. N. NONE.

A splendid fit—Profit.

Plucky men—Poulterers.

Good at a pinch—The crab.

Well watched—A jeweler's window.

When it rains hardest—When it hails.

Young shavers—Barber's apprentices.

A game leg—Hind-quarter of venison.

Always a trusty citizen—The pawnbroker.

Rather a well-known composer—Laudanum.

A harder thing to keep than a secret—Money.

People who steal watches are apt to wind up in jail.

Neither fish, flesh nor fowl—Vegetable, of course.

A polished delivery—Cuffs and collars from the laundry.

From personal experience—Never abuse a mule behind his back.

Where would the very stones cry out?—In a howling wilderness.

The preacher tells you that you should marry for love, and yet he often marries for money.

An African tribe is governed by a ruler who has no tongue. He is not only the king, but the king-dumb.

"What is that?" said a teacher to an infant pupil, pointing to a period. "That's the top of an i," said the child.

"I often cut my oldest acquaintance," said the buzz saw, as it took off a mill-hand's finger.

A tinsmith in the country has a sign which reads: "Quart measures of all shapes and sizes sold here."

What number is that to which if you add something the sum will be nothing?—One; since "n" added to one makes none.

"I do not desire wealth for itself," said a philosopher. "No," replied a cynic; "I suppose you desire it for yourself."

Brown: "You a doctor! No one in their senses would engage you!" Pitzsimmons: "But I'm going to be a mad-doctor."

A chemist announces that wood can be made very palatable. All right, Mr. Chemist; but please don't give it away to our landlady.

Brown says that choosing a wife is very much like ordering a meal in a Paris restaurant when you do not understand French. You may not get what you want, but you will get something.

An advertisement in a French newspaper: "Fritz X., an experienced accountant, desires a place as a cashier. In the interest of the security of patrons he would state that he is afflicted with two wooden legs."

A young man, an agent of a book on social etiquette, has been seen and heard in our streets. One young lady says he ought to read the book himself, and then perhaps he would know enough to leave one's house when requested to.

"Why don't you stir yourself and get something to do?" was asked of a lazy fellow. "Well, I read somewhere once that 'everything comes to him who waits,' and I don't want to do anything that will be liable to injure my prospects."

Wife: "You are such a nice man!" Husband: "What is it you want now?" Wife: "I want a new dress." Husband: "But you should take the hard times into consideration." Wife: "So I do. I want to give the poor seamstresses something to do."

Kindly old lady: "What's the matter, little boy?" Little boy, crying bitterly: "I jest lost five cents." Kindly old lady, giving him a nickel: "Well, here is five cents for you, so don't cry. How did you lose your money?" Little boy, feeling better: "I lost it pitching pennies."

House-hunter: "I thought you said this house was a perfect gem?" Agent: "Indeed it is, ma'am." "Why, the ceilings are very low!" "That's so, but they'll be very easy to keep clean, ma'am." "And the windows are dreadfully small." "To keep the sun from fading the carpets, ma'am." "And there is no bath-room." "That's to save soap, ma'am."

"Augustus," said Angelina to her lover, "you know that father has recently invested in a Western silver mine and is going there at once, and I cannot leave mother alone. So I ask you, dear Augustus, how long would you be willing to wait for me?" "Wait for you, my darling?" exclaimed Augustus, with deep emotion, for his was no fleeting love; "I will wait for you until we learn how the silver-mine turns out."

A South American photographer claims to have taken some excellent pictures of a cyclone which lingered in that country recently. When we see one of them we will feel a good deal more like believing the story. A photographer who can go out and set up his machine and face a cyclone, and make it look pleasant, and hold its chin a little higher, and keep it still long enough to have it taken, must have lots of nerve.

THE DECAY OF POLITENESS.—According to Herbert Spencer, a leading characteristic of advancing civilization is the decay of politeness; the gradual abridgement and ultimate disappearance of the ceremonial observances which control and regulate the earlier stages of social intercourse. It is at all events generally allowed that manners were never worse among us than they are at the present day, and the odd thing is that precisely the same complaint has been made from generation to generation, ever since people began to trouble themselves about the goodness or badness of manners at all.

The "manners of the old school" are, in truth, always discovered improving as they recede into the distant past, until, as Herbert Spencer instructs us, we are confronted by the real original "old school" in the manners of the denizens of Central Africa and the islands of the Southern Sea. The bow or nod with which we greet one another is merely a survival from the grovelling on the ground customary among our primitive ancestors, and in later times illustrated by the demeanor of the Otaheitans to Captain Cook, or the Batakas to Dr. Livingstone. It is, as Spencer says, the first and the last stage in the process of complete prostration, and thence it may be traced through gambolling on all fours, kneeling, curtseying and "scraping" among nations in various regions of the globe, until it presents itself as the small and trivial recognition which among us it has become.

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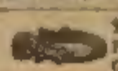

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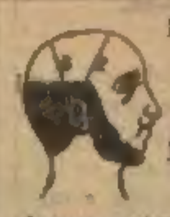

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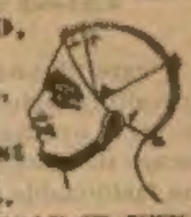

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Latest Fashion Phases.

A careful and intelligent study of the prevailing fashions is often quite as clearly revealed by attention to little details that escape the notice of the unobservant, as by the fashionable style or color of the complete costume.

Some of the following hints will be useful to ladies who are quick to perceive and adopt these rapidly changing modes before they become so general as to be no longer fashionable:

Surahs, silks, and woolens, in large and brilliantly colored chequers, should be worn out at once; it will be useless to put them by with the idea of renovating them as fashionable dresses next spring; their doom is scarcely to be doubted for, in colors, patterns and style, the tendency towards simplicity is very marked, and, although the simplicity is by no means that of the "housemaid" style of dress, it will be found to prevail in all the new models of autumn costumes.

Both skirts and bodices will be simplified in style, and free from the complications and strange elaborations that have recently been in vogue.

All draperies will be arranged to flow in harmonious lines, easy to follow with the eye, but terribly difficult for an inexperienced hand to imitate.

Back draperies especially are to be reduced in volume, to accord with the rapidly diminishing size of the tournure.

The steels now put into dresses are so short that they only prevent the dress from falling in behind the knees, but do not in any way distend the skirt. There is nothing now more vulgar than the skirt spread out like a balloon by steels, and with an improver rising above the line of the waist.

In all well-made dresses the foundation skirt is of silk, even if the dress fabric be of the most inexpensive description; the hem is protected by a little balayeuse or flounce of thin silk pinked out at the edge, and pleated in single or box-pleats, and added under the hem.

If the dress be in one color, with ribbon trimmings in another color, the balayeuse is chosen to match the trimming. Gray and black dresses are very prettily finished off with balayeuse of black and white chequered silk. Figured materials have a balayeuse in the same color as the pattern, with which the trimmings also correspond.

The best and finest underclothing is now made of batiste, or of very fine linen; cambric, although still in vogue, is no longer used for the best models.

In chemises very simple shapes are preferred, as they take less room under the corset, and some new models are simply ornamented with a scalloped border, worked on the material, with almond shaped holes through which narrow ribbon is passed.

Plaid materials will be very much in vogue throughout the autumn especially for the dresses of young girls who are tall enough to wear the large plaids that are so fashionable.

The plain or pleated skirt, the pointed tunic and puffed back drapery, are made of the plaid woolen, and in some ladylike costumes a plain waistcoat is made of the same material. The waistcoat is crossed at the waist, one side buttoning over the other a little, and is open in a point to the chest, showing a full chemisette and bouillonne collar of cream surah or gauze.

A little open jacket of plain light cloth is worn with the dress, and the sleeves are finished off with paraments of the plaid woolen.

These large plaids are never used for the bodices of young girls' costumes, but waistcoats, revers, plastrons, and other ornaments are frequently made of the material, cut bias.

A good style of full bodice for young girls' dresses has all the upper part gauged in close rows to form a square yoke; the fulness is kept in place at the waist by a band, and the full sleeves end above the wrist in a wide band of gauging, the extreme edge forming a little frill that falls over the hand.

Bodices tucked at the top, from the shoulder to the chest, are also very suitable for young girls, and the sleeves are tucked to match at the shoulders and mounted on a plain wristband. These full bodices are either cut off at the waist, or end in a rather deep rounded basque falling below the waistband.

Some of the demi-saison pardessus for girls are very pretty, but there are few novelties amongst them. For girls over twelve the favorite vetement is a short jacket, either tight or semi-fitting, and made of plain or fancy cloth.

Some models are elaborately trimmed and cut in fanciful ways, but these are less ladylike than the plain jackets, which are most appropriate and most generally approved of at this age.

For little girls the Reefer coat is a very favorite model; it may be made of navy blue serge or cloth, and trimmed with brass buttons or of plain or fancy cloth in any color, with buttons to correspond.

Some pretty aprons for young girls are made of red Turkey twill trimmed with white embroidery, of plain and figured foulard and surah trimmed with lace and ribbon, and of ecru lawn and beige silk braided or embroidered in colors.

Many are made with corselet-shaped bibs joined on the shoulders by bands and bows of ribbon, others have bretelles joined at intervals by bands, both bretelles and bands being ornamented with braiding or embroidery. Small square or gathered bibs are fastened up with little bows of ribbon, and similar bows are placed on the pockets, which are either plain or gathered to correspond with the bib.

For boys who are still of an age to wear knicker-bockers, sailor suits, and Norfolk blouses are the favorite styles for everyday wear, and jackets waistcoats to match for other occasions. These suits are made of serge, and of fancy and plain cloth in almost any color except black. The jackets vary in style, but the most usual shape is that buttoned on the chest only, and both longer and straighter than the Eton style jacket.

Very little boys wear scarcely any costumes except sailor and Jersey suits; here and there a little fellow may be seen beautifully and fantastically attired in a mediæval or Stuart costume, such suits, however, are more due to the mother's pride in the beauty of her boy than to a desire to follow the fashion.

A great many dresses for girls of eight or nine are made entirely or chiefly of fine navy blue serge. In one model the pleated skirt and open casaque are of this material, together with the plain plastron or vest showing at the top only between the widely opened jacket fronts. The lower part of the vest is concealed under a full plastron of spotted blue and white or red and white surah, draped from the shoulders and meeting just below the chest, and then falling in a puff, crossed at the waist by the blue ribbon strings which join the fronts of the jacket together. A large sailor collar and paraments of white cloth are sometimes added to the jacket, which has either a short pleated basque at the back, or else the basque falls in two long square tabs; no tunic or drapery is required with this dress.

In another model the blue serge pleated skirt is finished off at the back with a long puffed drapery of the same. The open blue jacket has the fronts cut in long square basques, but the back is quite short and ends in a little plain rounded basque. The full sleeves are mounted on plain wristbands, and the blouse plastron is of white surah, fastened down the centre with white buttons, and ending under strings of blue ribbon uniting the fronts of the jacket.

Odds and Ends.

NOTES ON HOME NURSING.

Every woman who has a family, or the care of one, ought to have some intelligent ideas on home nursing, for circumstances sometimes make it necessary to endeavor at least to pull through serious illness without the aid of a physician.

The common "ills that flesh is heir to" may be managed by mater-familias if she has a good fund of common sense, and has availed herself of the benefit of others' experience, even if she has had a little of her own; but it is foolishness to tamper with serious diseases, from motives of economy, when a good physician can be had.

A child was once prostrated with scarlet fever; we were out of reach of medical aid, and compelled to rely solely upon our own recollections and ideas as to how to manage. The little sufferer was hourly sponged off with alcohol, and given copious drinks of hot lemonade in which some gum arabic was dissolved. Hot, wet cloths, with dry flannel over, were placed upon the stomach.

"Doings just the right things," was my doctor's remark when finally he did arrive, and under his watchful eye we continued those remedies till the little patient was out of danger, convalescent.

The idea of the alcohol sponging was to open the pores and allay fever; the object of the drink was to draw the burning scarlet spots to the surface; and of the hot, wet cloths, to subdue nausea, and produce perspiration.

Simple remedies, for simple every day ailments, intelligently administered, often avert serious illness as well as "long doctor's bills." For those who must do for themselves, or would inform themselves so as to be able to, in ordinary physical troubles, the following points may be useful and helpful:

A mustard plaster applied, not at the seat of pain, but some distance from it, is often the first resort of many successful old nurses, and a pretty good remedy it is, too. If made with white of egg instead of water, as the old way was, they are quite as effective and never blister the skin. One teaspoonful each of mustard and flour to the white of one egg is the proper proportion. The ready-made French plasters from the druggists are not objectionable, but are not always to be had.

A mustard plaster applied to the back of the neck soon relieves severe headache. Iodide of potassium, too, is a good remedy when the pain is mostly in the forehead: two grains dissolved in a wine glass of water and sipped slowly.

Half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in half a glass of water will often relieve at once when derangement of the stomach is the cause of the headache. Three drops of ammonia in a glass of water will sometimes prove better than any other medicine to relieve the pain.

A speedy cure for hoarseness is the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, one large spoonful of loaf sugar, and the juice of one lemon added; a tablespoonful taken every half hour. It is good, too, for clearing the voice for public speaking.

There is no end to the good uses of lemons. They are cooling to the blood, acceptable in sickness and in health. A lemon eaten before breakfast every morning, with or without sugar, is a wonderful invigorator. The juice of a lemon before each meal, slightly diluted with water, will reduce too abundant flesh. Chills and fever will often succumb to clear, strong coffee, the juice of one lemon to one cup, when nothing else seems to have any effect. Rheumatism can often be entirely broken up by taking the juice of two lemons, in half a glass of water, three times a day before meals. We have seen a most stubborn case yield in a few days to this simple remedy; and another case, where it had no effect, soon overcome by keeping the feet for half an hour every evening in the hot water in which potatoes had been boiled, mashing the potatoes and allowing them to remain in the water.

The pulp of a lemon bound upon a corn for several successive nights is sure to cure it; and nothing is so good as a lemon to remove stains from the hands or whiten them.

A violent toothache is speedily quieted by a few drops of compound tincture of benzoin, obtainable at any druggist's; a few drops on a bit of cotton, applied to the cavity of the tooth. A drop of alcohol or of camphor will sometimes relieve at once.

A wash of sugar of lead, dissolved in boiling milk, will alleviate the irritation from ivy poisoning. A strong solution of borax is a safe and sure application for skin poisoning of any kind.

It is said a felon may be cured by painting the spot with copal varnish, or by applying a poultice of linseed oil and white lead. All depends upon taking the trouble in hand, by some powerful application, in its early stages. A Spanish fly blister, the size of a pea, will effectually draw out the forming felon "root and branch."

If a cold affects the ears and causes deafness, it can be soon overcome by putting a few drops of clear glycerine or almond oil into the ear. Both are harmless, and even when the disease has become chronic these oils sometimes afford a great relief to the sufferer.

Ordinary pain can usually be eased, at least, by the application of hot, wet cloths, with dry flannel over—such pains as neuralgia, pleurisy, colic and the like—and it is always safe.

Common salt, a remedy always at hand, has many valuable medical uses. A weak solution will immediately relieve a cold in the head, snuffed up from the hollow of the hand. We have known severe chronic case of catarrh perfectly cured by the persistent use of this simple means, when the best physicians failed to do any good. It should be used night and morning for several months, and used milk-warm. It requires perseverance, but the result is sure and satisfactory, and catarrh is a disease well worth getting rid of.

"WHAT is wanting," said Napoleon one day to Madame Campau, "in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good mothers," was the reply. The Emperor was most forcibly struck with this answer. "Here," said he "is a system in one word."

Confidential Correspondents.

A. J.—The serious objection to poisoning rats and mice is, that they die under the flooring and behind the wainscoting, and so become a terrible nuisance. The trap is the best remedy.

JOSEPH.—"You want to know what is the meaning of the deep blue eyes?" It is said that in a girl's head deep blue eyes sometimes "mean mischief." Perhaps you have found that saying to be true.

A. S. T.—According to your statement of the case, you did nothing but what was proper. It was right for you to refuse to accept injurious accusations against your friend as true, and to demand proof of their correctness.

A. B. C.—The "remedy for being bashful and tongue-tied in society" is to frequent society as much as possible, and store one's mind with useful knowledge, so as to have something to say when an opportunity for conversation occurs.

S. W. D.—As you agreed to write a piece of poetry yourself inscribed to the young lady, you should either keep your agreement, or else, in a manly way, confess your inability to do so. You should never attempt to sail under false colors.

BARTLE.—Windows are crystalized, or made to imitate ground glass, by dissolving Epsom salts in hot beer or a weak solution of gum arabic. You can make any pattern or border you please by cutting out a design on a sheet of pasteboard, and rubbing the design with a damp cloth.

ALBAN.—In an old legend, St. Bartholomew is depicted as preaching to natives in the Indies, by whom he is said to have been flayed alive at the instigation of a brother of the King of Armenia. In memory of his death it was customary at monastic institutions, in the Middle Ages, to distribute small knives amongst the people, the knives being credited with the possession of certain virtues.

B. E. P.—A reiver was a border warrior of the olden times, when the people living on the adjoining borders of England and Scotland were engaged in almost constant warfare. Some of the chiefs of the Scotch reivers became noted for their prowess and daring. After the union of Scotland and England, the reivers degenerated into mere freebooters, who robbed promiscuously on both sides of the border.

EMILIE.—We are not aware that the shade or quality of the hair on the head or the tinge of the skin make any difference in a man. If fair men made bad husbands, there would be few good husbands in this country. The color of the man does not determine his goodness. Othello was dark, and he was very jealous; Iago was fair, and he was a villain. The strongest and longest-lived men are generally the fairest; and that should be accounted a good sign.

P. E. G.—If you were speaking of the beautiful appearance of a lady, you would say, "How beautiful she looks!" In the case of the young lady who said she "felt so bad she didn't know what to do," if she meant that she felt distressed, or grieved, or sorrowful, she spoke correctly, so far as the form of the word bad was concerned; although some sticklers for purity of style would say that it is improper to use the word bad or badly in any such sense.

HERBERT L.—Disappointment in love never kills the wise. There are more daisies in the world than one. In your case, as the sentiment on the part of the girl is not decidedly strong, and there is a great disparity in your social position, it would not be advisable to attempt to bias the parents in your favor. Improve your pecuniary resources, and convince the girl that if you can love well, you can also love wisely. Girls have a fondness for active and shrewd men of business.

J. S. K.—In geometry a degree is a three hundred and sixtieth part of the circumference of a unit of measurement for arcs and angles. A degree of latitude is a certain distance, on a line or meridian of longitude, between two points on the earth's surface. The degrees vary in length on account of the spheroidal figure of the earth being 69-.72 statute miles at the equator, and 69-.369 at the poles. The degrees of longitude also vary in going from the equator to the poles.

KATE E.—This correspondent says, with the sanction of her parents, she has been receiving the attention of a young gentleman about two years, and whom she had every reason to believe was sincerely attached. He now tells her he does not like her Christian name so well as many others he could mention. The man is demented. Why, Kate, next to Mary, is the most popular and best beloved name among English-speaking people. The poets have doted on the name of Kate. Shakspeare often introduced it. Hotspur's wife was a Kate—"a gentle, loving Kate;" and there is Petruchio's Kate—his "super, super, dainty Kate"—his "Kate of Kate Hall"—a true woman, from top-to toe. Our Kate's lover, we are afraid, is a silly fellow.

ARNOLD.—The Vedas and Puranas constitute the great body of sacred literature of the Hindoos, who, as the native race of a large part of India, are included in the now very indefinite name Indians. The Vedas comprise four principal books, treating of the thirty-three gods of the earliest Hindoo mythology, divided into three classes; the gods of the heavens, of the air, and of the earth; of the creation of all things; of the relations of the gods to each other; and of the relations and duties of men to each other and to the gods. They are written in the most ancient form of the Sanscrit language, the oldest of all languages, the root tongue from which Latin, Greek, German, Scandinavian, and nearly all the languages of modern Europe have been derived. They are in verse. The Rig-veda alone contains 1,028 hymns and 10,580 verses.

SWANSEA.—To confess your love to a young lady is not sufficient; it ought to be followed by a proposal for her hand. Had you been engaged to the young lady in question, her conduct, as you describe it, would certainly be most inexcusable; but as she is free, and is not supposed to know whether or not you intend to make her your wife, we do not see what right you have to complain. Of course, we frankly admit that it must be far from agreeable to a young man to see the object of his affections kissed before his eyes by other young men, and especially provoking to see her sit upon their knees; but, after all, she may mean no harm. It may be but a mere frolic; while it is not improbable that it may be a device on her part to bring you to make a declaration. Our advice to you is to put the matter to the proper test, with the proviso, that if such conduct on her part is thenceforward repeated, it will be regarded as evidence that she desires to break off the engagement.